

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES |
VOLUME LXVII.

No. 3696 May 8, 1915

(FROM BEGINNING
| VOL. CCLXXXV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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SHAKESPEARE.

O let me leave the plains behind,
And let me leave the vales below!
Into the highlands of the mind,
Into the mountains let me go.

My Keats, my Spenser, loved I well;
Gardens and statued lawns were
these;
Yet not for ever could I dwell
In arbors and in pleasures.

Here are the heights, crest beyond
crest,
With Himalayan dews impearled;
And I will watch from Everest
The long heave of the surging world.
William Watson.

The Bookman.

NOW NO BITTER SONGS I SING.
Now no bitter songs I sing:
Summer follows for me now;
For the Spirit of the Spring
Breathes upon the living bough:
All poor leaves of why and how
Fall before this wonder, dead:
Joy is given to me now
In the love of her I wed.

She to-day is rash to cast
All on love—and wise thereby;
Love is trust, and love at last
Makes no count of how and why;
Worlds are wakened in the sky
That had slept a speechless spell,
At the word of faith,—and I
Hold my faith from her as well.

For she trusts to love in all,
Life and all, and life beyond;
And this world that was so small,
Bounded by my selfish bond,
Now is stretched to Trebizond,
Upsala and Ecuador,
East and west of black and blond,
In my quest of queens like her.

Was she once a Viking's child
That her beauty is so brave?
Sun-gold, happy in the wild
Of the winter and the wave,
Pedestal'd by cliff and cave,
With the raven's brood above,
In the North she stood and gave
Me the troth of all her love.

Or in Egypt the bright storm
Of her hair fell o'er my face,
And her features and her form,
Fashioned to that passionate grace,
Won me from an alien race
To her love eternally,
Life on life in every place
Where the gods cast her and me.
Here to-day we stand at last
Laughing in our new-born mirth
At the life that in the past
Was a phantasy of earth,
Vigil of our life's true birth
Which is joy and fate in one,
Now the wisdom of the earth
And the dooms of death are done.
So my bride is wise to-day
All to trust to love alone:
Other wisdom is the clay
That into the grave is thrown:
This is the awakening blown
By the Spirit of the Spring:
Laughing Summer follows soon,
And no bitter songs I sing.

Thomas MacDonagh.

The Irish Review.

IF I SHOULD DIE.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a for-
eign field
That is for ever England. There shall
be
In that rich earth a richer dust con-
cealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped,
made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her
ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English
air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns
of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed
away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts
by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy
as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and
gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English
heaven.

BIG STATES AND SMALL NATIONS.

I.

The cult of the small State is once more in the ascendant. Of this fact there are numerous and unmistakable indications. Nor is the reason far to seek. The re-emergence of the Balkan States after centuries of submersion; the heroic resistance and the patient suffering of Belgium; the splendid fight which Serbia is making against odds which should be overwhelming; the encouragement given by the proclamation of the Tsar to the national aspiration of the Poles—all these have touched the imagination and evoked the sympathy of a large part of the civilized world. There would seem, however, to be a somewhat more subtle reason for the revival of interest in the smaller nationalities. The Great War has already administered a severe shock to many complacent minds; it has disturbed many prepossessions and has dissipated many prejudices. Most people, indeed, have, during the last six months, been engaged, consciously or unconsciously, in an attempt to readjust the intellectual focus. Nor has the process been entirely painless. Especially has it been painful to those who learnt their lessons of history and politics—and which of us did not?—from the apostles of the Teutonic school. There is, for example, a touch of pathos in the postscript suffixed by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher to the preface of his recently published *Making of Western Europe*: "I let the text of this book stand . . . as a penance, to be imposed upon myself for the hard things which I have written in it about the Slavonic nations, and for the high praise that I have given to the efforts of the mediæval emperors to destroy or Germanize the Slavs." Mr. Fletcher expresses with character-

istic courage and candor what many people are feeling. I do not, for one instant, suggest that all the lessons learnt in the Teutonic school will have to be unlearnt. On the contrary, it is certain that the message of a man like Stubbs or Seeley contains in it elements of indestructible value. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the student will be compelled to look at ascertained facts through a new lens; to find for familiar phenomena a fresh interpretation.

I refer, somewhat obliquely, to an ancient controversy for a particular reason. It seems to me incontestable that the teaching of Stubbs, Kemble, Freeman, J. R. Green, and other English apostles of the Teutonic school had a very important political influence. It predisposed the minds of their disciples to an active sympathy with Bismarck's astounding achievement, the unification of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia.

More than this. It encouraged the cult of the great nation-State. In this respect the work of Stubbs at Oxford was powerfully seconded by that of Seeley at Cambridge. The two men were poles asunder, in their opinions, in their habits of mind, and in their historical methods. But the political effect of Seeley's teaching was curiously complementary in one respect to that of Stubbs. The latter was more concerned with the *Germania* of Tacitus; the former with the Germany of Napoleon and Stein. Stubbs was the disciple of Maurer; Seeley of Ranke; but both were saturated with Teutonic scholarship, and both were Teutonic in sympathy and outlook. The following passage may be cited in illustration from Seeley's *Life and Times of Stein*—his greatest though not his best-known book: "The three principal

¹ London: John Murray, 1914.

wars of Prussia since her great disaster (at Jena), those waged in 1813, in 1866, and in 1870, have a character of greatness such as no other wars have. They have, in manner, reconciled the modern world to war, for they have exhibited it as a civilizing agent and a kind of teacher of morals."

In regard to the War of Liberation (1813) the claim was not, perhaps, extravagant; it is much more doubtful as regards that of 1870, and how Seeley could have brought himself to write thus of the war of 1866 now passes comprehension. In fairness, it should be remembered that the secrets of Bismarck's diplomacy had not then been revealed; still less could Seeley have anticipated the *reductio ad absurdum* of his argument contained in the works of Treitschke and Bernhardi.

The argument of the *Life of Stein* is, however, entirely consonant with that of Seeley's much more famous book, *The Expansion of England* (1883). I have never hesitated to avow my conviction that the latter was one of the few books of the nineteenth century which can literally be described as "epoch-making." Its effect upon political thinking is fairly comparable to that produced upon economic thought, a century earlier, by Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Like the *Stein*, it tended to the exaltation of the big State. It is true that Seeley was careful to insist that "bigness is not necessarily greatness." Still, there is, throughout the lectures, an assumption that the future of the world is with the big States, and that if England desires to take rank alongside Russia and the United States, and to take "a higher rank than the States of the Continent," she must form a federal union with the dominions oversea.²

Contemporary events suggested a

² Cf. e.g. Lecture i., p. 16.

similar conclusion. It is, perhaps, rash to anticipate the judgment of posterity, but it can hardly be doubted that the historian who, a century hence, reviews the events of the nineteenth century, will indicate as its most characteristic feature the triumph of the nationality principle, and will point to the unification of Italy and Germany as the most illustrious exemplification of this triumph. It is true that the force of nationality is not uniform in operation; that its effects have sometimes been centrifugal, sometimes centripetal. None the less, it was natural that the generation to which Seeley belonged should have been impressed much more by its constructive than by its destructive influence; that it should have deemed the unification of Italy more important than the independence of Greece, and the consolidation of Germany as outweighing the resurrection of Serbia or Bulgaria. Lord Bryce, when introducing, in 1905, a volume on the Balkan problem, appears to lament the predominant tendency of the nineteenth century. "The most conspicuous feature," he writes, "in the evolution of the modern world has been the effacement of the smaller and the growth of the larger nations and nationalities. . . . Local patriotism, with all that diversity and play of individuality which local patriotism has evolved withers silently away." And yet, five-and-twenty years before there had been no more enthusiastic champion of the big-State movement than Professor Bryce.

In reference to the unification of Italy and Germany, he writes: "The triumph of the principle of nationality is complete; the old wrongs are redressed; the old problems solved: we seem to have closed one great page in the world's history, and pause to wonder and conjecture what the next may have to unfold. . . . Through western

³ Villari (ed.) "The Balkan Problem," pp. 12, 13.

and central Europe the small States have disappeared, and the great States have reached their natural boundaries of race and languages."⁴ Professor Bryce was then, no less than Professor Seeley, an adherent of the doctrine of *les limites naturelles*, even though the unification of the big States was purchased at the price of the elimination of the smaller, and both were typical of the prevailing temper of the time. The doctrine of nationality was invoked not so much in defence of the small State as to justify the expansion of the larger aggregates.

Recently, however, there has been an unmistakable reaction. And, just as the unification of Germany was to the publicists of the last generation the pre-eminent illustration of the working of the principle of nationality in its centripetal and integrating aspect, so now the political and intellectual revolt against Germany and German ideals has provided a text for the justification of the small State. The real significance of German political philosophy, the true meaning of German political evolution, have been revealed, as it were in a flashlight, by the eruption of the present war. The consequence is that we are witnessing something like a stampede of the intellectuals, a stampede which is perhaps somewhat lacking alike in dignity, in sense of humor, and, above all, in sense of proportion. Primarily, of course, it is due to the *reductio ad absurdum* of political theories and philosophies which, when presented in moderation and not pushed to extremes, commanded, and justly commanded, a large measure of respect and assent. The unification of great States on the basis of nationality is a case in point. All the mid-Victorian Liberals rejoiced in the unification of Italy, even though it involved the ab-

sorption of Genoa and Venice; most Liberals regarded with satisfaction, and many, like Professor Bryce, welcomed with enthusiasm, the consolidation of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia.

Since the 'seventies the wheel of fortune has revolved with unusual rapidity. Modern Germany, not content with the achievement of national unity and the realization of national identity, aspires to domination; seeks to revive the empire not of Otto but of Charlemagne. The liberties of Europe are once more threatened, as in the days of Philip II., of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon Buonaparte. The shock administered to the intellectuals is severe. They turn and rend the prophets of the last generation. Where now are the doctrines of Carlyle? Interpreted by the light afforded by the Kaiser, the "rectifications" of frontier effected by Frederick II. begin to wear a more sinister aspect. Even Carlyle failed to justify the partition of Poland, but what of the annexation of the Silesian Duchies? Must the history of the eighteenth century, no less than that of the nineteenth, be re-written?

Before we commit ourselves to a *volte face* so complete, before we execute a movement so humiliating and painful, it seems desirable to sketch, with extreme brevity, the evolution of the States-system of modern Europe.

II.

It was not until the sixteenth century that the modern States-system began to take shape. During the Middle Ages, as Bishop Stubbs was wont to insist, there was no *international* system in Europe; there were, in fact, with insignificant exceptions, no nations. England had indeed attained a precocious and perhaps a premature sense of national unity in the thirteenth century; Hungary also was a

⁴ "The Holy Roman Empire." Seventh edition, 1890, pp. 443, 444.

conscious entity, but for the rest Europe was made up of "great bundles of States." "France, Germany, and Spain were busily striving either for consolidation or against dissolution." Most of the Greater Powers "were prevented by the interposition of small semi-neutral territories from any extensive or critical collision. . . . The kingdoms of France and Germany were kept at arm's length from each other, and, as being at arm's length, in an attitude something like friendship."

This state of things lasted roughly down to the end of the fifteenth century. The consolidation of France under Louis XI.; the aggregation of the Spanish kingdoms under Charles V.; the destruction of the feudal system and the absorption of feudal principalities; the development of centralized administrations; the emergence of powerful monarchies; the virtual dissolution of the mediæval empire; the partial repudiation of the authority of the Papacy—all these things, more or less coincident, combined to revolutionize the mediæval polity. Out of the chaos produced by the dissolution of the older unifying forces the new States-system emerged. The immediate result of the birth of the new nationalities was a prolonged period of international wars. All through the sixteenth century the Habsburgs and the Valois strove in internecine rivalry. Distracted Europe sought deliverance from this state of brutishness in the development of the idea of an equilibrium. England, standing somewhat apart from the continental conflict, threw her weight now into the scale of Spain, now into that of France. But the equilibrium was unstable, and the more enlightened statesmen sought more satisfactory and permanent solutions than that afforded by the balance of power. In this quest the "Great Design" of Henry IV. had its

genesis.⁶ That "Design," as Bridges points out, "is the first indication of an Occidental as opposed to a purely national policy which had been seen since the days of the Crusades. Utopian in detail, but profoundly true in principle, the scheme of Henry IV. boldly put forward the conceptions, so startling for that age, of Western Europe as a peaceful confederacy of free States; of a common council to arbitrate in international disputes; of mutual toleration for the three recognized sects—Catholic, Lutheran, and Calvinist; and thus of the removal of any future cause for European war. It is particularly to be noted that the map of Europe as he planned it included not the slightest augmentation of French territory. 'His intention,' says Sully, 'was voluntarily and for ever to relinquish all power of augmenting his dominions; not only by conquest, but by all other just and lawful means. By this he would have discovered the secret to convince all his neighbors that his whole design was to save both himself and them those immense sums which the maintenance of so many thousand soldiers, so many fortified places, and so many military expenses require; to free them for ever from the fear of those bloody catastrophes so common in Europe; to procure them an uninterrupted repose; and finally, to unite them all in an indissoluble bond of security and friendship.'"⁷ Europe was to consist of a Christian Commonwealth composed of fifteen confederate States, Protestant and Catholic, Republican and monarchical, elective and hereditary. The affairs of this Commonwealth were to be administered by a perpetual Senate renewable every three years and presided over by the Emperor. This Sen-

⁶ Modern criticism attributes the "Design," not to Henry IV., but to his minister, Sully. The latter attributed the original suggestion to Queen Elizabeth.

⁷ J. H. Bridges: "France under Richelieu and Colbert," pp. 109, 110.

⁵ Cf. Preface to the "Chronicle of Roger of Hoveden," pp. 186, 187.

ate or Council was to consist of sixty-four plenipotentiaries representing the component States, and was to be competent to decide all disputes arising between the several Powers and to determine any questions of common import. "It is," says Professor Phillips, "on this Grand Design that all other projects of peace, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, are based—from that which Eméric Crucé gave to the world under the title of *Le nouveau Cynée*, two years before Grotius published his *De Jure belli et pacis* to the latest programme of the modern Peace Societies."¹⁸

Whether this ambitious and resounding project was seriously devised by its author, or whether it was merely the diversion of an idle hour, is a question which need not detain us. Two things in regard to it are certain: first, that its immediate effect was nil; and second, that seriously projected or no, its promulgation at least testifies to the embarrassments into which Europe was plunged by the dissolution of the older unities and the development of international rivalries and antagonisms.

Further evidence of the crying need of the day is furnished by the efforts of Hugo Grotius to establish, on the basis of a *Jus Naturae*, a system of international law. The success achieved by the great Dutch jurist has, of course, been incomparably greater than that of Sully and Henry IV.; but the lack of any material sanction still impedes progress, and recent events have, for the moment at any rate, flung the world back into that state of nature wherein, as Hobbes taught us, "force and fraud are the two cardinal virtues," and the life of man is "nasty, brutish, and short."

III.

A word may, at this point, be added

¹⁸ "Confederation of Europe," p. 19.

as to the attitude of England towards the new States-system of Western Europe. Whether the authorship of the "Great Design" may be imputed to Queen Elizabeth or no, it is certain that her policy was based upon the principle of a European equilibrium; and, herein, she followed in the path trodden by the wisest of her predecessors among Tudor statesmen. The maintenance of the "balance of power" was, in truth, the pivot of the diplomacy both of Henry VII. and of Wolsey. The danger alike to Europe and to England was, however, far greater under Elizabeth than under her predecessors, and she met it, in consonance with the policy fast hardening into a tradition, by sustaining the efforts of the Netherlands—or the northern provinces—to assert their independence against Philip II. The development of commercial rivalries in the far East interposed a serious barrier to the friendship of the two countries under the early Stuarts and Cromwell. The foreign policy of the Protector was, indeed, rather equivocal. In assisting Mazarin to overthrow the power of Spain he seemed to show himself indifferent to the principle of the equilibrium. On the other hand, the conclusion of treaties, though primarily commercial in significance, with Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, indicated a desire for friendship with the smaller nations.

The alliance with Portugal has been maintained, virtually without interruption, from that day to this. Cemented by the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza, it was further confirmed by the famous "Methuen" Treaty of 1703. In the War of the Spanish Succession, still more in the campaigns against Napoleon, the friendship of Portugal was of inestimable value to a maritime State.

It was the perversion of the principles of the Holy Alliance which re-

awakened the conscience of England in this matter. The originator of that Alliance—the Tsar Alexander—was a curious mixture of cloudy mysticism and calculating shrewdness. But his Great Design was at least as void of all self-seeking motives as that of Henry IV. The Tsar and his schemes were, however, captured by Metternich, and it was not long before the machinery of the Alliance was assiduously employed for the suppression of all liberal movements in the individual States. To the Alliance itself England was never formally a party, and against the perversion of its principles she stoutly protested. Greece, Portugal, and the South American Colonies of Spain—now recognized as independent States—all had cause to bless the name of England. The powerful autocrats of central and eastern Europe stood for the principle of interference in the interests of absolutism; England stood for the individual liberties of the smaller States. Castle-reagh and Canning founded a tradition of English policy. Palmerston accepted and enforced it with a vigor certainly not inferior to theirs. The independence of Belgium, assured by the Treaty of London (1839) was a conspicuous triumph for the diplomacy of Palmerston. In regard both to Greece and Portugal he maintained and completed the work of Canning. England was largely instrumental in obtaining for Denmark a guarantee of integrity (1852); but, unfortunately, when the crisis arrived, in 1863, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were more suspicious of Napoleon than of Bismarck, and Prussia was permitted to annex the Danish Duchies without any effective protest from Great Britain.

With the exemplary manifestation of nationality principles in Italy England found herself in complete sympathy. But here the principle operated as an integrating force. In the Balkans, on

the contrary, its tendency was disruptive. In this latter case England found herself in a dilemma. The abstract principles of liberty and nationality commanded her enthusiastic assent. But a deepening mistrust of the supposed ambitions of Russia rendered the application of those principles rather inconvenient and inopportune. To Russia, therefore, rather than to England the re-emerging nationalities of the Balkans—Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro—looked for sympathy and support against the Ottomans. The Slav nations were conscious that their efforts to throw off the Turkish yoke were watched with eager and enthusiastic sympathy by powerful sections of the English public; but the Foreign Office was committed to the doctrine of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and down to 1880 the sympathy extended by Englishmen to the Balkan nationalities was unofficial.

After 1880 there was a rapid change in the official attitude, and when it was realized that the new nations in the Near East could assert and maintain their independence, not only of Constantinople, but also of Petersburg and Vienna, all hesitation was banished even from more cautious minds. Thenceforward all sections of opinion in England concurred in the belief that the time had come for Europe to rid itself from the nightmare and incubus of the Turk; for the restoration of the soil of the Balkan Peninsula to the peoples who through long centuries of oppression and misgovernment had retained the memory of national independence and cherished the hope of reasserting it.

There is, however, a question, searching and fundamental, which at this point we are compelled to face: Is the multiplication of small States, in itself, desirable? Is it likely to serve the cause of humanity? Will it conduce to the progress of civilization

and promote the peace of the world?

IV.

The controversy between the large and the small State is one of long standing. Even to-day much of the argument in favor of the latter is colored by the memory of the incomparable though transitory brilliance of the city States of ancient Hellas. Over the scholarly mind Aristotle still exercises—and fortunately exercises—an undisputed sway. But with the origins we are not immediately concerned. The case for the small State has lately been restated with conspicuous and characteristic skill by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher:⁹ "Almost everything which is most precious in our civilization," writes Mr. Fisher, "has come from small States—the Old Testament, the Homeric poems, the Attic and the Elizabethan drama, the art of the Italian Renaissance, the common law of England. Nobody needs to be told what humanity owes to Athens, Florence, Geneva, or Weimar. The world's debt to any one of these small States far exceeds all that has issued from the militant monarchies of Louis XIV., of Napoleon, of the present Emperor of Germany." The claim is a large one, and the argument appears to assume that the big monarchical State must necessarily be "militant"—a point to which I shall recur, but the debt is undeniable, and nobody desires to repudiate it. Nor will anyone who is acquainted with the history of the city-State deny that the essential limitation of size possessed conspicuous advantages. Undoubtedly, it raised the average of the individual citizen; it multiplied the opportunities for the development of individual genius in politics, in art, and in literature; by the identification of local and central government it intensified the sense of

patriotism.¹⁰ The city-State, as Mr. Fisher truly affirms, "served as a school of patriotic virtue, not in the main of the blustering and thrasional type, but refined and sublimated by every grace of instinct and reason. It further enabled the experiment of a free direct democratic Government to be made with incalculable consequence for the political thinking of the world." It should, perhaps, have been pointed out that the fruitful experiment of direct democracy was rendered possible, not merely by the contracted area of the city-State, but by the existence of a large body of slaves whose manual labor provided the "citizens" with the leisure essential for the pursuit of the higher life, political and intellectual. But to pass on. Most people will agree that it is eminently desirable to avoid drab uniformity and to preserve variety of type. Small States may also be valuable, as Mr. Fisher ingeniously urges, as laboratories for social experiment. Similar advantages might perhaps be secured, even in big States, by the enlargement of the sphere of local government and the freer use of permissive legislation. One further point may be conceded to Mr. Fisher. "There is no grace of soul, no disinterested endeavor of mind, no pitch of unobtrusive self-sacrifice of which the members of small and pacific communities have not repeatedly shown themselves to be capable." That is undeniably true, but is it true only of the citizens of the smaller States? Are these virtues denied to members of great nations, or even to the subjects of militant monarchies?

The truth is that despite the arresting eloquence of his pen and the unquestionable force of many of his pleas, there underlies Mr. Fisher's argument a strong trace of the mid-Victorian Cobdenite, the assumption

⁹ "The Value of Small States," by H. A. L. Fisher, one of an admirable series of pamphlets published by the Oxford University Press.

¹⁰ Cf. Freeman: "Federal Government," pp. 29 seq.

that the nationality principle operates with peculiar force in small communities, that the latter are necessarily pacific in temper and tendency, and that great States are "organized for the vulgarity of aggressive war" (p. 11). With the din of the doctrines of Treitschke, Dr. Rohrbach, Professor Delbrück, and other publicists and historians of the Prussian school ringing in our ears, it is permissible, perhaps, to make this assumption. But, after all, the German Empire is not the only great State of the modern world. Neither the monarchical Empire of Great Britain and Greater Britain, nor the federal Republic of the United States can be said to be "organized for the vulgarity of aggressive war," and both are incomparably larger than Germany.

From Mr. Fisher, one of the most accomplished of living historians, we may turn to an historian who was eminently representative of the writers of the last generation, and was not less robust in his liberalism than Mr. Fisher. In curious contrast to the latter, Mr. Freeman insisted that the multiplication of small States not only multiplied the possibilities and increased the probability of war, but tended also "to produce a greater degree of cruelty in warfare, and a greater severity in the recognized law of war."¹¹ As regards internal politics the small State tended, in his opinion, to intensify party strife, and render it more bitter and more enduring. Moreover, the life of the city-State was proverbially insecure, and government was consequently unstable. Large States have their disadvantages: the substitution of representative government for direct democracy provides for the citizen an inferior political education; electors are apt to be at once ignorant, careless, and corrupt. Nevertheless, the balance of advantage

would appear to lie with the larger aggregates: they lessen local prejudices; they diminish the horrors of external war, and they increase the chances of peace over relatively extended areas.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Freeman's argument as a whole, the last point—a point of pre-eminent importance must surely be conceded. There can be no real assurance of peace, internal or external, save in the recognition of the rule of law. In saying this I would not be understood to subscribe to the purely legal conception of politics entertained by Hobbes. Still, Hobbes comes near the truth when he says: "Where there is no common power, there is no law." Beyond the limits of territorial sovereignties there is at present, in the above sense, no law, and, therefore, nothing to enforce the keeping of covenants. Internationally, we are once more plunged into the state of nature. To multiply petty sovereignties is, under prevailing conditions, to contract the operation of the rule of law and to substitute the arbitrament of force for the obligation of contract. But on the other hand, to ignore the claims of that most elusive but not least real of all political forces—the force of nationality—is simply to perpetuate unrest and to invite ultimate disaster.

Is it, then, possible to reconcile the claims of the smaller nationalities with the formation of the larger aggregates which can alone secure to increasing numbers of the human race the supreme advantages of the rule of law? The Prime Minister declared in a memorable utterance, at the beginning of the war, that "we shall never sheathe the sword . . . until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation." To that declaration the nation has assented. But where is the foundation to be laid, and how is

¹¹ "Federal Government" (2nd edit.), p. 48.

it to be rendered unassailable? Treaties solemnly concluded, the faith of great nations repeatedly pledged, could not avail to save Belgium from invasion and desolation at the hands of a ruthless and overbearing enemy who preferred "necessity" to law. What is to prevent a repetition of the offence? Not, surely, the mere multiplication of small and independent sovereignties. But can we, without multiplying sovereignties, concede the claims and satisfy the aspirations of small nationalities?

It has long been the writer's conviction that a reconciliation between the centripetal and the centrifugal forces can be effected only by an extension of the principle of federalism. But towards this consummation we can advance only by slow and cautious steps. The Tsar Alexander I., with his "great design" for a confederation of the European States, was much before his time.

Where the Tsar Alexander had failed Mr. Cobden thought he might succeed. In the doctrines of the Manchester School there was more of idealism than has been generally supposed. Tennyson, pre-eminently the poet of Imperialism, was not proof against the seductions of those who ". . . Dipt into the future far as human eye could see, Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be, Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales.

The Fortnightly Review.

Till the war drum throbbed no longer
and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man and the fed-
eration of the world."

The "federation of the world" is still far distant. Even the federation of Europe is not yet. Nevertheless, there can be no security for the unity of the largest and the independence of the small States save in the acceptance and extension of the federal principle. Without federalism, would Germany be fighting as one man to-day? If Lincoln had not preserved the federal union of the United States would peace prevail to-day throughout that vast area? If Sir John Macdonald and Lord Carnarvon had not applied the principle to the several provinces of Canada, would there be to-day the same unanimity of sentiment in the great Dominion? If the time is not ripe for the federation of Europe, still less for the federation of the world, it is ripe for the formation of larger aggregates of States in which the smaller nations will find an honored, a secure, and a sufficiently independent place; the time is overdue for the consolidation of the British Dominions into an organic and coherent federation. Such a federation might well be the precursor of others; in Scandinavia, it may be; perhaps in the Balkans; perhaps in the vast-stretching Empire of the Tsar. It is only, I submit, by the bold application of this principle that we can at the same time secure the independence of the smaller nations and further the cause of international peace.

J. A. R. Marriott.

SELF-APPOINTED STATESMEN.

It may be true, as Mr. George Bernard Shaw so frequently asserts, that Englishmen as a race are muddle-headed and "that they have never been

forced by political adversity to mistrust their tempers and depend on a carefully stated case, as Irishmen have been." Looking down upon Eng-

land "with something of the detachment of a foreigner and perhaps with a certain slightly malicious taste for taking the conceit out of her," he has, no doubt, good grounds for believing in our intellectual laziness. Indeed, Mr. Shaw and certain other irresponsible comedians on the stage of literature who find themselves free, at such a time as this, to sow the seeds of political dissension in our midst and to give the heathen cause for blaspheming, may well attribute their prosperous impunity to a lack of intelligence in the British people; and more especially so when their pernicious activities take the direction of deliberately attempting to injure Great Britain's moral position in the eyes of neutral States. It is undeniably true that in no other country in Europe would an author be permitted to gratify his insatiate passion for notoriety, or a distorted sense of his own importance, by writings of the kind which Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells have seen fit to publish since the War began. In no other country would the makers of farce and the weavers of phantasy be permitted to utter, in the guise of public opinion, critical denunciations of the motives and actions of the Government, coupled with invitations to neutral nations to intervene, when occasion shall offer, for the purpose of determining the terms of peace.

On the face of it, Mr. Shaw's indictment of intellectual laziness would seem to be justified. No doubt the majority of Englishmen would meet the charge by observing that, in the domain of national politics, the lucubrations of Mr. Shaw and other licensed jesters are but as the crackling of thorns under a pot. So far as this country is concerned, this is generally true. But the fact remains that in America, in Scandinavia, and in Germany the opinions on political

matters of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are very widely accepted at their face value. Their great achievements in literature and the drama, their international reputation for audacity and brilliancy, have won for them an enormous circulation in the United States. Their iconoclastic theories appeal naturally to that large section of public opinion in the great Democracy which persists in regarding the political institutions of Europe as obsolete and effete; so that, when they turn from their proper business of entertaining fiction (I class Mr. Wells's romantic flights into Socialism as fiction) to pose as lawgivers and self-appointed arbiters of the future destinies of the civilized world, millions of American citizens are only too ready to receive and discuss their opinions as serious contributions to constructive statesmanship. One has but to study the American Press (and more especially that of the Middle-Western States) to realize how widespread and baneful is the influence of Mr. Shaw's destructive criticism and Mr. Wells's fantastic idealism. It is clear that vast numbers of American Yellow-Press readers gladly accept the Shavian gospel of British muddle-headedness and believe, with him, in the hypocrisy and calculated selfishness of British policy in declaring war against Germany. Has he not told them that he and Mr. Wells (who, he says, "first hoisted the country's flag"!) are the heaven-sent "mouthpieces of many inarticulate citizens," and that it is their duty "to bring the whole continent of war-struck lunatics to reason, if we can"? Demos in America, with his primitive love of personalities, accepts Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells at their own valuation, partly because their opinions are nicely calculated to flatter his own self-esteem and partly because the restless waywardness of these writers appeals to a class of mind accustomed to find

its nourishment in sentimental idealism, tempered with police reports.

As far as their effect on the United Kingdom is concerned, Englishmen are, no doubt, justified in treating the political opinions of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells with contemptuous indifference; but they are not justified in shutting their eyes to the possible effects of these utterances on public opinion abroad, or leaving them to do their pernicious work unchallenged and unrebuted. It is, indeed, significant of the general lack of proportion which characterizes many of our political methods and activities, and suggestive of our inability to appreciate relative values, that, on the one hand, we submit to a rigorous Press Censorship for fear of revealing anything that might serve the purposes of the enemy; while, on the other, we allow writers like Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells to undermine our position in the eyes of the world, to vilify the bravest and best members of our Government, and to create in neutral countries a body of opinion calculated to deprive us hereafter of some of the fruits of victory and to prejudice our chances of securing effective terms of peace. As a nation we have acquiesced in the proceedings of a Press Bureau which carries reticence to heights and depths that pass all human understanding; we profess to regard as a grave menace to the State the possible activities of German barbers and waiters in our midst: yet we view with apparent unconcern the spectacle of Englishmen of international reputation publishing broadcast to the world travesties of vitally important issues, and irresponsible opinions calculated to prejudice many of the ends for which we have entered upon this War. The nation, which has declared by the mouth of its King that it is solidly united to fight for a worthy purpose and that "we shall not lay

down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved," allows these influential but wholly irrelevant writers to damage that purpose in the eyes of the world. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Shaw's *Common Sense about the War*, and Mr. Wells's hysterical appeals to the American people, are likely to inflict upon the cause for which we are fighting injuries far more permanent and serious than anything that could be accomplished by all the alien enemies in England put together. There is neither sense of proportion nor fitness in a Censorship which mutilates Mr. Hilaire Belloc's retrospective analyses of the military situation, and at the same time permits Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells to sow broadcast the seeds of future trouble. To strain at the military gnat while swallowing the political camel is a policy calculated to cost England dear in the final day of reckoning. The nation at war has spontaneously decided to sink its internal differences and private opinions in whole-hearted support of the Government until victory shall be ours. There is no apparent reason why any licensed jester or earnest visionary in our midst should be exempt from this self-denying ordinance of reticence. The spoiled children who amused us in our theatre-going, novel-reading days should now be seen and not heard.

Turning for a moment from consideration of the individual activities of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, it is pertinent to observe that, with a few notable exceptions, our imaginative writers, weighed in the balance of war's stern realities, have generally been found wanting. Their habits of mind and methods of expression have alike proved unequal to the demands of so great a social and spiritual upheaval. The melodious voices to which we listened gratefully in the far-distant days of peace sound strangely thin

and unconvincing to-day. Most of them, deserting their wonted busyness of creative imagination (because the demand for it has suddenly ceased), have hurled themselves, without preparatory training, into the war of words which seeks to justify or explain this War of the nations. Their artist hands have been suddenly called upon to handle the hard materials of international politics, their soaring minds brought down to the dull level of treaties, law, and diplomacy. And the net result, in nearly every case, has been to strengthen the opinion of the plain citizen that your man of letters is constitutionally incapable of dealing rationally with the stern realities of life. In the midst of a great catastrophe like this there is neither comfort nor counsel to be found in all their multitudinous voices. From their primrose paths of fiction and phantasy they have suddenly emerged into the stony desert of stern realities, and forthwith they are lost; and, being lost, they shout to each other and gesticulate the more feverishly. Misreading the signs of the times, incapable of applying to the nation's needs the simplest lessons of history, they can only comfort themselves, and those who have leisure to listen to them, with memories of dead words, repeating their familiar incantations at the deserted shrines of absent gods. Being idealists, and frequently sentimental idealists, they look forward to finding, with the restoration of peace, a world clean-swept and ready for the millennium of their dreams, a world from which the Junker shall be banished for ever, in which "the enthronement of the idea of public right will be the governing idea of European politics." Underlying all their splendid dreams—universal disarmament, a United States of Europe, the neutralization of the sea, an International Police Force, and so forth—we find evidence of the same

perennial delusion, of the idea that legislation is omnipotent, and that things will get done because laws are passed to do them; evidence of the persistent hope that (as Herbert Spencer has said) "by some means the collective wisdom can be separated from the collective folly and set over it in such a way as to guide it aright."

Thus we find certain imaginative writers of the Fabian school taking comfort from their belief that their particular form of Socialism will hereafter be able to put an end to all war, oblivious of the fact that two-fifths of the German Army to-day are Socialists. Thus we find a writer of the literary distinction of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson bringing to bear upon the European situation the picturesque idealism of his *Letters of a Chinese Official*, and declaring that peace must henceforth be permanently established "by the organization of a league of European States, which are in agreement in desiring the complete prevention of war and *powerful enough* to make such an agreement effective throughout the world." Then we find Mr. John Galsworthy proclaiming his faith in Democracy, as the only chance of lasting peace in Europe; almost as pathetic a vision of the Promised Land as that of the Religious Society of Friends, who believe that after this War they will have an opportunity of "reconstructing European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation—mutual trust and goodwill . . . of laying down far-reaching principles for the future of mankind, such as will ensure us for ever against a repetition of this gigantic folly." Admire as we may this magnificent faith in the magic power of words, history and sociological science alike warn us that it is an imperishable delusion of humanity to believe that it only needs a sudden re-fashioning of the people to make them good and free. These high

hopes are part of man's immortal inheritance of protest against the intrusion of the Serpent into the earthly Paradise, against the sorry scheme of things which ordains that, on this planet, all life shall subsist and survive at the cost of other lives. Throughout all its long history of strife, mankind in the valley of Armageddon has heard and rejoiced at the songs of the poets and the visions of the prophets, foretelling the dawn of the millennium on the distant hills—and has then returned, spiritually refreshed, to the fray.

It is interesting to observe how many of our well-known imaginative writers have now yielded to the spell of this vision of a "new era," to be attained (as Mr. Dickinson has it) by invoking "the new spirit of the world, the spirit of co-operation, of reason, of that divine common sense which is the essence of religion." But the great majority, being patriotic citizens first and transcendentalists afterwards, have been content to announce their visions of the new-world-to-be without endeavoring to hasten its advent by descending themselves into the arena of politics and polemics. While believing in the impending abolition of all future causes of war, they have proclaimed their belief that "England could not, without dishonor, have refused to take part in the present War," and they have refrained from diverting attention from the vital business of defeating Germany by any premature discussion of the ways and means to secure permanent peace.

If I have referred briefly to the published opinions of writers like Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Dickinson on the issues and causes of the War, I have done so in order to illustrate the truth that the highly imaginative order of mind, affected by a tendency to sentimental idealism, is generally incapable of bringing itself suddenly into direct

relation with the elemental and brutal realities of the present devastating struggle. Just as the great majority of our delicately reared poets have shown how seriously their Muse has been embarrassed by the War's sudden trumpet-call to simplicity and fervor, so our novelists and romantic writers, with very few exceptions, have shown themselves unable to realize swiftly the truth that, beneath the surface of our complex civilization, the instinct of nationalism, patriotism in its highest expression of collective effort, remains the strongest and deepest of all human emotions. Inability or unwillingness to face this truth has invested the recent writings of several of our most distinguished authors with an element of unreality, which even the man in the street instinctively recognizes. But the sincerity and sense of responsibility of these writers have not been called in question; and, after all, sincerity is the touchstone by which writers and thinkers must finally be judged, no matter what their opinions. Thus judged, the great majority of the English authors whose views on the causes and probable issues of the War are now circulating in America are entitled to respect for the courage of convictions sincerely stated, even if their practical value be often questionable. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is a good saying, but one forgives the artist who forgets it, so long as he sins not from sheer verbosity or love of the limelight or greed of gain; and there is something undeniably engaging in the earnestness with which our essayists and novelists have settled down, in their country's hour of need, to learning (and simultaneously teaching) the dull trades of international politics, map-making, and diplomacy.

This being so, it is all the more to be regretted that the two British authors whose influence is greater than that of any of their contemporaries in

America and Germany—Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells—should have rushed into print with such flippant irresponsibility, combining an egregious display of swollen-headed vanity and lack of restraint with contemptuous indifference to the sentiments of the great mass of their countrymen.

Mr. Shaw's pamphlet, *Common Sense about the War*, his chief contribution to the literature of the subject, was originally published as a Special Supplement to the *New Statesman* on the 14th of November, and was reproduced in America by the *New York Times*. Its chief result in England has been to convince the public of Mr. Shaw's callous levity and his unconcealed contempt for the deepest convictions of the nation. Well-meaning visionaries of the Norman Angell school, enrolled in the Union of Democratic Control, and intensely earnest in their plans for the creation of the "Pacific State," find Mr. Shaw in sympathy with them against the Junker, and at the same time utterly contemptuous in his ridicule of their "disarmament delusion." The very nimbleness of his intellectual acrobatics, the biting malice of his irony, his aloofness and impartial scorn for all concerned, combine to leave him (as no doubt he intended) in splendid isolation, even amongst the "intellectuals" of the socio-political arena. As for the mass of his countrymen, since the outbreak of war they have had enough serious things to think about and to do, without troubling themselves to digest the pasquinades of this literary harlequin. To judge from current opinion, most Englishmen regard these eccentricities and excesses of Mr. Shaw's genius much in the same way as they regard the well-advertised Red Cross activities of certain ladies of the theatrical and fashionable world. Without some such eccentric manifestation of activity, Mr. Shaw might have been shut out

completely by the stern realities of the War from the limelight that he loves so well.

But in America, where he commands a far wider circle of readers, and where his avowed intention of "taking the conceit out of England" appeals to a very considerable minority, there can be no doubt that he has rendered services to Germany sufficient to entitle him to the Iron Cross at the hands of the Kaiser. At a time when our Censorship withholds from the American people much information that might enlighten public opinion and stimulate intelligent sympathy with England and her Allies, Mr. Shaw is allowed to pour out the vials of his scorn upon the British Government in general, and Sir Edward Grey in particular, and to support the statements put forward by Germany as her excuse for violating the neutrality of Belgium and precipitating the catastrophe of war. The conditions under which this mud-slinging is done make it certain that some of it will stick to the prejudice hereafter of our national interests in the day of reckoning. It is not for nothing that the German Press Bureau has given wide circulation to this pamphlet, as propaganda literature calculated to strengthen Germany's position in neutral countries.

In the exuberance of his own performance, however, Mr. Shaw has overdone it. Even the little Broadway shopgirl, digesting him through the columns of the *New York Times* in her diligent pursuit of culture, must experience an uneasy feeling that this idol of the American Press is not to be taken seriously. It is not easy, at a time like this, for the master-cynic to pose successfully, in a minority of one against all Europe, as the sole repository of true wisdom. Even a Bowery comedian must revise his conception of unbounded assurance when confronted with the Shaw model, as set forth, for

example, in the following extracts from his "Open Letter to President Wilson":

In your clear western atmosphere and in your peculiarly responsible position as the head centre of western democracy, you, when the European situation became threatening three months ago, must have been acutely aware of the fact to which Europe was so fatally blinded—namely, that the simple solution of the difficulty in which the menace of the Franco-Russo-British Entente placed Germany was for the German Emperor to leave his western frontier under the safeguard of the neighborliness and good faith of American, British, and French democracy, and then await quite calmly any action that Russia might take against his country on the east. . . .

The Kaiser never dreamed of confiding his frontier to you and to the humanity of his neighbors. And the diplomatists of Europe never thought of that easy and right policy, and could not suggest any substitute for it, with the hideous result which is before you.

Or, from the same document, this bright gem of amateur statesmanship:

If Germany maintains her claim to a right of way through Belgium on a matter which she believed (however erroneously) to be one of life or death to her as a nation, nobody, not even China, now pretends that such rights of way have not their place among those common human rights which are superior to the more artificial rights of nationality. I think, for example, that if Russia made a descent on your continent under circumstances which made it essential to the maintenance of your national freedom that you should move an army through Canada, you would ask our leave to do so and take it by force if we did not grant it. You may reasonably suspect, even if all our statesmen raise a shriek of denial, that we should take a similar liberty under similar circumstances in the teeth of all the scraps of paper in our Foreign Office dustbin.

Thus Germany's contempt for treaties is condoned. But when it comes to a critical analysis of England's position *vis à vis* Belgium, we are solemnly told that "no matter how powerful a State is, it is not above feeling the difference between doing something that nobody condemns and something that everybody condemns except the interested parties."

It may be that just retribution will overtake Mr. Shaw, even in America, for thus abusing the freedom he enjoys in this country. In Chicago, Milwaukee, and other centres of German beer and kultur, his influence and his royalties may possibly remain undiminished, but in the Eastern States there are indications that public opinion deprecates the display of such mountebank levity at a time when all the world is deeply moved to seriousness. One writer in a New York paper thus summarizes *Common Sense about the War*:

Bernard Shaw has written an elaborate thesis to maintain:

1. That Great Britain was abundantly justified in making war with Germany.

2. That the explanation given by the British Government for making war against Germany was stupid, hypocritical, mendacious, and disgraceful.

3. That he alone is capable of interpreting the moral purpose of the British people in undertaking this necessary work of civilization.

4. That the reason the British Government's justification of the war is so inadequate is because no British Government is ever so clever as Bernard Shaw.

5. That even in the midst of the most horrible calamity known to human history it pays to advertise.

Various patriots have various ways of serving their country. Some go to the firing line to be shot, and others stay at home to be a source of innocent merriment to the survivors.

If the future of international rela-

tions depends upon the higher education of the masses in the direction of political morality, it is nothing less than deplorable that a man of Mr. Shaw's eminence should permit himself to write contemptuously as he does of Belgium's rights of neutrality, of "obsolete treaties," and the circumstances that alter them. If there were any proof that he himself honestly believed this poisonous nonsense, that he was not writing it simply *pour épater le bourgeois*, with his tongue in his cheek, he might be forgiven. As it is, if the Censor is unable to restrain his pernicious activities, his countrymen should at least discard enough of their "intellectual laziness" to appreciate Mr. Shaw's form of patriotism and the valuable services which he has rendered to the enemy.

There can be no question as to the sincerity of the frantic appeals which Mr. H. G. Wells has addressed, and continues to address, to Europe and America, to follow him on the road to Utopia. Indeed his deadly earnestness, his childlike faith in his own pet panaceas for the prevention of war, his splendid dreams of world-wide social reconstruction under the guidance of pure "Liberalism," are sufficient in themselves to secure for him a large following, and to make his fantastic idealism a force to be reckoned with hereafter, when the sword shall have been sheathed, and diplomacy sets about its work of redrawing the map of Europe. Mr. Wells would save all further trouble in this matter by abolishing diplomacy, after which he, with a few Socialist friends in England and America, would proceed to redraw the map, to abolish the "individualist capital system," and establish "the United States of Europe" upon a Wells régime of enlightened Socialism. "Let us redraw the map of Europe boldly," he says, "as we mean it to be redrawn,

and let us replan society as we mean it to be reconstructed"; whereupon he proceeds to outline the foundations of a world made Beautiful and Good on the model originally set forth in *Anticipations* and *The Modern Utopia*. Peace hath her swelled heads, no less renowned than war.

To a certain type of mind, by no means uncommon, idealism of this kind carries an almost irresistible appeal. It is a type generally associated with a vague and vicarious morality, which lends itself readily to the support of loose abstractions, and follows gladly anyone who announces a new short cut to Utopia. It scorns precision in matters of detail and the discussion of practical difficulties; it has a firm-rooted faith in the power of "isms" to overcome human nature and all other obstacles. In America, where public education has been largely in the hands of women, and therefore to some extent subject to sentimental idealism, the gospel according to Mr. Wells has evoked a response, the strength of which may be estimated in the current opinions of publicists and politicians. Mr. Wells's ideas as to the possibility of a social and political reconstruction of the civilized world, and the confederation and collective disarmament of Europe, coincide at many points with the views of "intellectuals" and philanthropists in the United States. It is therefore worth while to consider seriously some of the proposals which this gifted romanticist has recently advanced, in all seriousness, as a contribution to constructive statesmanship. I select the following as typical:

From an article on "The War of the Mind" published in "The Nation" (August 29) and in the "New York World" and other American papers.

It rests therefore with us, who outside all formal government represent the national will and intentions, to take this work into our hands. By means of a

propaganda of books, newspaper articles, leaflets, tracts in English, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Chinese, and Japanese, we have to spread this idea, repeat this idea, and *impose upon this war* the idea that this war must end war.

(Russia, Austria, Mexico, and Turkey, surely fit subjects for propaganda, appear to have been rather carelessly overlooked.)

From an article in the "Chicago Tribune" on "The End of Militarism" (August 19).

It will lie in the power of England, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, and the United States, if Germany and Austria are shattered by this war, to forbid further building of any more ships of war at all; to persuade—if need be, oblige—the minor Powers to sell their navies; to refuse the seas to armed ships not under the control of the Federation; to launch an armed ship can be made an invasion of the common territory of the world.

From "An Appeal to the American People" (September 5).

For it rests with you to establish and secure, or to refuse to establish and secure, the permanent peace of the world, the final ending of war.

Never were the British people so unanimous. All Ireland is with us. We are not fighting to destroy Germany: it is the firm resolve of England to permit (*sic*) no fresh "conquered provinces" to darken the future of Europe.

At the end, we do most firmly believe there will be established a new Europe, a Europe riddened of rankling oppressions, with a free Poland, a free Germany, a free Finland, the Balkans settled, the little nations safe, and peace secured.

Engrossed in the congenial task of deciding the destinies of Europe, Mr. Wells displays the true artist's contempt for consistency. What an expectant world needs is his opinion, red-hot from the Press, no matter how foolish and self-contradictory. This

"firm resolve of England" in the matter of conquered provinces sounded well enough in September, but either he was misinformed on the subject or he caused the resolve to be modified. For it no longer forms part of his scheme of world salvation. The following interesting passage occurs in an article, suppressed by the Censor in England, but published in the American Press, under the title of "Holland's Future" (*New York Times*, etc., February 7). Mr. Wells is calmly discussing the advantages which Holland would obtain by taking a hand against Germany:

And by coming in, there is something more than the mere termination of a strain and the vindication of international righteousness to consider. There is the possibility, and not only the possibility but the possible need, that Holland should come out of this world war aggrandized. I want to lay stress upon that, because it may prove a decisive factor in this matter.

The Dutch desire aggrandizement for the sake of aggrandizement as little as any nation in Europe. But what if the path of aggrandizement be also the path of safety?

It is clear that both France and Belgium will demand and receive territorial compensation for these last months of horror. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Germans may fling war in its most atrocious and filthy form over Belgium and some of the sweetest parts of France without paying bitterly and abundantly for the freak.

Quite apart from indemnities, France and Belgium must push forward their boundaries so far that if ever Germany tries another rush she will have to rush for some days through her lost lands. The only tolerable front against Germans is a day's march deep in Germany. Of course, France will have to be covered in the future by Belgian annexations in the Aix region and stretching toward Cologne, and France will go to the Rhine. I think

Belgium as well as France will be forced to go to the Rhine.

It is no good talking now of buffer States, because the German conscience cannot respect them. Buffer States are just anvil States. At any rate, very considerable annexations of German territory by Belgium and France are now inevitable, and Holland must expect a much larger and stronger Belgium to the south of her, allied firmly to France and England.

Here we have the Junker spirit at its best.

Finally, for the purposes of his "Pacific State," he proposes:

1. That every citizen shall give a year or so of his or her life to the State. ("Only in that way is it possible to get that sense of obligation and ownership in the State, that unity of feeling which is one of the great advantages possessed by the modern military State over its rural society.")

2. That the State should secure to all willing men the sense of freedom, continuing interesting work and immunity from the degrading experience of voluntary unemployment.

3. That "that strange, wild, dangerous thing, the Press, and indeed all our knowledge-giving and idea-spreading organizations, should be brought into much clearer relationship with the educational organization. . . . A time will come when the Pacific State will be obliged to control the finances of its Press as closely as it controls its banks, and monopolize the advertisement sheets as its own business. Only so will it escape the invasion of its mind."

Readers of the *Nineteenth Century* may wonder what importance can possibly attach to windy stuff of this kind, and be disposed to ignore it as the extravagance of a highly imaginative mind, reduced to a condition of hysteria by contemplation of the horrors of war. His writing undoubtedly reflects a highly nervous condition; nevertheless, these views, in all their crudity, have been published by jour-

nals of wide circulation in England and America as representing the tendencies of a considerable section of English Socialists, and even of English Liberalism. His idea of "a Peace League that is to control (*sic*) the globe" has its ardent supporters in Great Britain. Its advocates in the United States are many.

It is, unfortunately, true that these irresponsible opinions, uttered ostensibly in the name of English Liberalism by writers whose names are household words on both sides of the Atlantic, have encouraged the belief, already widely prevalent in America, that the United States will eventually be required to act as mediators and arbiters of the terms of peace in Europe. They have certainly created a feeling that (the Monroe Doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding) America has a moral right to be consulted whenever the redrawing of the map of Europe takes place. But, as Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out in a recent letter to *The Times*, the assertion of such an opinion is greatly to be deprecated, for this War will not end in an arbitration nor by any outside intervention, but only by Germany's complete surrender. A considerable body of public opinion is undoubtedly being misled, by the writings of Shaw, Wells, and other English authors, to place a wrong construction (and a construction embarrassing to the Governments of both countries) upon the British people's evident desire to justify its moral position in the eyes of the greatest of the neutral nations. Dr. Butler, President of Columbia University, for instance, believes that the War will end in the organization of "The United States of Europe, modelled after and instructed by the United States of America," because "conventional diplomacy and conventional statesmanship have very evidently broken down in Europe. They have

made a disastrous failure of the work with which they were entrusted. They did not, and could not, prevent the War, because they knew and used only the old formulas. They had no tools for a job like this."

These, clearly, are the views of the Shaw and Wells school, transplanted and adapted. Similarly, the reiterated appeals of these writers to the United States as a moral force find their answer in Dr. Butler's expressed belief that because "America is the first

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moral Power in the world to-day, we have made good our right to be appealed to on questions of national and international morality." These views, says a writer in the *New York Times*, "must make every American's heart first swell with pride and then thrill with a realization of responsibility." Therein lies their mischief and their possible danger.

After all, there may be something to be said for Mr. Wells's idea of a State-controlled Press.

J. O. P. Bland.

POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

CHAPTER XIII.

When the curtain went down on the last act of *Hernani* and Pierre looked once more into the eyes of Maryvonne it seemed to him that the happiest moment of his life had come to him. And so completely under the influence of her beauty and charm was he at the moment when they met for the second time that evening, that he found it quite natural that he should see her again, and marvelled not in the least that such luck should come to him twice within a few hours.

The glance of spontaneous recognition and sympathy from her dark and melancholy eyes had filled him with a radiant glow of joy which kept him buoyant and elate for many hours afterwards.

Turning up his collar as he left the theatre, he too decided to walk back to his home in the Quartier, and lighting a cigarette made for the Rue Campagne-Première with all his hopeful youth aglow within him.

"I'm only a poor devil of a sculptor with not a penny in the world to bless himself with," he sang out to himself as he briskly moved across the Pont de Saints-Pères, "but I would not change

my lot with that of a millionaire . . . tra-la-la! . . . I wonder *who* she is? I wonder? Is she the old man's daughter or not? Whoever she is she is a perfect jewel of a creature! . . . What a face! What soft, silky, heavy hair! What a skin, and, above all, what bones! . . . What beautiful, lovely, delicate and architectural bones!"

For Pierre being a sculptor—a lover of form—could not think of Maryvonne's sculptural perfection without a thrill of delighted admiration.

He was back now in the Rue Campagne-Première, where he rented a small studio that measured about fourteen feet by sixteen and was situated at the top of six sinuous flights of plain wooden stairs. It was of the simplest and most unluxurious kind and its rent cost but sixteen pounds a year. Here he lived and slept and cooked most of his meals and dreamed the dreams of art that were to make him great and famous. Here he was at home and alone. For though his parents still lived and he was an only son, they would not forgive him for having deliberately thrown over a brilliant future in his father's legal office to

go up to Paris to carve stone images. Yet in spite of all threats and objurgations he had deliberately left home, and alone in Paris had begun to seek for the fame to which he believed he had the right. But the inexorable and dogmatic parents, firm in their belief that he was ultimately destined to go to the dogs, were determined to do all in their power to help him to get there quickly, and contributed to this end in the most adequate way they could—by abstaining from making him any money allowance! They believed that thus he would soon return to them cowed in spirit and ready to do their will. But he, on his side, was determined to win or to die. Mere material existence had been at first a great struggle. Now he felt that soon he would have passed by all the more carking difficulties of life, and foresaw a period, if not of luxury, at least freed from immediate care, for he was full of the delights of the creative artist who already has found a small success. At the present moment, however, the bulk of his income consisted in an annuity of fifteen hundred francs which his native town allowed him as a *bourse*, because he was an honor to his birthplace—the town of T—. Here his forebears had lived for many generations and from father to son had always been the *notaires* of the locality. Pierre's refusal to qualify for the taking up of his father's practice in the future had been the reason of the break with his parents. So when after some months' starvation the town—upon the demand of Cavell, Pierre's master—had granted Pierre Gérard a three years' *bourse*, he thought that luck had at last come to him! His master henceforth took special interest in the lad and had been his firm friend from the first when Pierre—then barely eighteen years of age—had called at his studio and had begged to be allowed

to see the *Maitre*. He carried with him several portfolios filled with sketches, and two or three small figures cast in plaster which he had brought in his coat pockets. He begged to be allowed to follow the master's classes.

"If you take me at all I shall only be able to attend in the afternoons, *Maitre*," he explained to the hoary-headed, kind-hearted Cavell, "because I must work for my living in the mornings, and so I've got to give lessons and coachings. I have no regular income at all, and I'm up in Paris to study sculpture against the wish of my people. So I do mechanical work for some big sculptors in the mornings, which I supplement with drawing lessons, and now and again I sell a statuette. I manage to get on somehow; to live on bread and cheese. But I can keep my afternoons free. Will you accept me as a pupil?"

The good Cavell had cast a cursory glance at the drawings and statuettes, his eye arrested here and there by some particular piece of work that promised much. Then he said:

"Yes—you'll do! I'll take you. . . . But remember, my boy. It is a *chien de métier*, and you'll probably starve all your life! Do you understand that? Better by far go in for something else if you want to make money—selling candles, for instance!"

"Oh! yes," replied Pierre, cheerfully. "I quite expect to starve. But I don't mind a little thing like that!" And his *insouciant* smile met the deeply philosophical smile of the great master.

And thus Pierre, who at the time was sleeping in a furnished garret at twenty francs a month and living on dry bread and *saucisson*, began to work in the Cavell studio and achieved some promises of talent. The following year, he exhibited a small bust that promised so well and won such favorable criticism that on the strength of

it Cavell asked and won from the young man's native town the grant of the *bourse* which Pierre now enjoyed.

The councillors of T—— had been so delighted with the success of their townsman that they had voted the grant unanimously, with the exception of a single voter—Pierre's own uncle . . . a local millionaire!

Pierre was now able to supplement his small income considerably by the sale of the small statuettes which he modelled in his spare hours and for which there was so ever increasing a demand in the Quartier that he found ready and eager buyers at a hundred or a hundred and fifty francs apiece. Years later those same frail figures were eagerly bought up by amateurs at tremendous prices!

Meanwhile Pierre did his own house-work and cooked his *petit déjeuner* and his midday luncheon over his small oil stove, quite merrily and happily, convinced as he was that his day would come and that fortune was bound to smile on so industrious and well-meaning a fellow as himself.

His studio did not only do duty as living room and kitchen, but it was also his sleeping apartment, and Pierre having a well-developed sense of the fitness of things had arranged it so as to look decent and even comfortable. A divan bed demurely yet effectively draped with an old Karamani curtain that he had bought from an American friend returning home—an impecunious but tastefully inclined student like himself—made a good splash of subdued color at one end of the room. At night the drapery was removed to reveal snow-white bed linen beneath, but in the daytime the same couch served for a lounge on which Pierre threw himself when he wished to collect his straying ideas and "think out" a new piece of work. Two pillows encased in silken covers formed cushions during the daytime, and at night, drawn out

of their sheaths, were once more transformed into bed pillows. The further corner of the studio was discreetly cut off by another hanging Karamani—brother to the one on the divan—and the portion of the room thus secluded served Pierre as quite a comfortable *cabinet de toilette*. A tiny kitchen was formed in the opposite corner of the studio by means of a fourfold paper screen, which looked as if it had been to the wars, for it was much battered, though perhaps none the less picturesque for that.

Pierre, anxious to meet his fellow artists occasionally so as to discuss matters of Art with them, and so keep up with the spirit of his days, had made an arrangement with the restaurant frequented by artists, so that by means of dinner tickets purchased at a reduced price by the dozen, he was able to take his evening meal at Mille's for the modest sum of one franc and twenty-five centimes, wine included!

Despite the necessary privations he was forced to endure, there was no brighter or merrier fellow in the whole of Paris than Monsieur Pierre Gérard, *artiste-sculpteur*, of 6 bis, Rue Campagne-Première, as he walked back from the Théâtre Français on the evening when he first had met Maryvonne and exulted in the thought of her rare pale beauty. There was in his heart, in his soul, that inner glow of ecstasy which every artist feels at the sight of some perfect thing of beauty—in Art or in Life. He could not have said, at this stage, whether he admired her most as a woman or as an inspiration, but he felt more exhilarated and more vivacious than he had ever felt before he had met her. For the moment she was the very reason and explanation of his existence . . . the poem of perfection to which his soul aspired!

He ran up the six flights of stairs that led to his studio with a light step,

possessed by that consciousness of possible happiness which inspires the youthful lover, and having thrown off his hat and lit a lamp, he drew out from a folio and pinned a large fresh white sheet of paper up against his easel and forthwith began in firm decided strokes to draw from memory and with the help of his sketches, the beautiful lines of Maryvonne's head.

Here was the delicious delicate oval of her face. . . . What a suggestive noble line! Here her round, clear-cut temples. . . . Never did woman or even goddess have such fine temples—not even the Venus of Milo herself! Why Venus was not in it with his *Mignon*—for so in his mind—not knowing her real name—he had christened Maryvonne. . . . Here was the fine sweeping arch of her brows! What despondent lines drooping at their outer corners . . . and yet what charm, what grace! It was precisely this peculiar and subtle droop that gave its expression of melancholy to her young face. The eyebrows were almost exactly the shape of those of Eugénie—Empress of the French—and it was these, with the sweetness of expression of the lips, that gave the girl's face its modern touch and redeemed it from too inert a classicalism. Here now, were her deep-set, dreamy eyes with their far-away expression of melancholy regret—her straight little nose with its delicately palpitating nostrils, shaped like an overturned V. . . . Here was her mouth—her beautifully chiselled mouth—so pathetic in its sweetness, that Pierre blushed as he drew the lines of it, and dared not even dream of the human kiss that might touch so pure a thing! Her small ears beneath the heavy masses of dark hair he drew in next, with care and precision and with love, too, and adoration, and finally the flowing locks that he imagined unbound falling over

her round shoulders and small firm bust.

"Oh, you beautiful rare thing! You lovely, enchanting creature! Yet who would dare love you as a mere woman, for are you not the very goddess of youth and virgin beauty herself?

"Ah! I have it," he cried aloud, as the lines of the drawing grew more finished before his eyes. "I have it! She is *Mignon*! *Mignon* herself! Poor desolate *Mignon* who hungers for the sight of her lost fatherland! Of course that's it! That's why she has so forlorn an expression of sadness. . . . Yes! *Mignon* she shall be called and nothing else." Rapidly he finished the entire figure of *Mignon* in the curious nondescript costume—half boyish, half girlish—that Goethe describes, singing with a broken guitar in her hand the song that describes her lost country:

"Connais-tu le pays?"

"If I could only get her to sit to me!" he murmured to himself. Then he sighed. "But of course her father won't let her sit, neither to me nor to another. One can see she is a real *jeune fille*! Alas! there's nothing to be hoped! He must be a fat-headed *bourgeois*—that old father of hers. . . . He wouldn't let her sit to me, even if I were to go down on my knees to him. . . . I'm sure of that! But I must see her again! I shall haunt old Mille's place, henceforth, even if all my money goes in his stupid dinners. . . . The *garçon* said that they came often. Almost to every meal. Oh! *Mignon*, my darling," he exclaimed, addressing his own drawing, "I must see you again. . . . I must. . . . You are a very fountain of deep inspiration and beauty. How I could love you—you dear sad thing," he now whispered confidentially to the drawing that had grown from his spirited sketch—"how I could love you!"

But I must not . . . I must not . . . You are a *jeune fille* with a stupid *bourgeois* father" (poor old Pomm!) "who would not dream of bestowing the hand of his adorable daughter upon an unknown idiot of a sculptor like—Pierre Gérard! Now shut up, my boy," said Pierre, addressing himself this time. "It's three o'clock in the morning! Get to bed! . . . And forget that dear *Mignon* who is not for you . . . *mon cher!*"

The following day, so eager was Pierre to get to work on the statue he had decided to begin at once, that he could hardly find patience enough to wait till the dinner hour when he would go to Mille's and hope to see his *Mignon* again. Though his resources hardly admitted of such extravagance, he very seriously contemplated taking both his lunch and dinner at Mille's on that day. Prudence, however, forbade such reckless expenditure, and he had to possess his soul in patience till the dinner hour.

As he entered the large front room he almost fell into the arms of Jehan Bouchard, one of his great friends of the artists' room.

"Tiens! Pierre!" cried this ardent young impressionist of the most modern of schools. "I wondered what had happened yesterday when I passed through Mille's larger room and saw you moping in a corner alone. What's the matter, old man? What have we joyous artists done to be deprived of your no less joyous company? You simply must come in with us this evening! We are going to have champagne to celebrate the sale of one of Desmont's pictures!"

Desmont was one of the new *école Naturaliste* and was said to paint with a blunt stick and his palette knife—never using a brush at all.

"Look here, Jehan," said Pierre, linking his arm into that of his friend, "I don't want to come into the artists'

room to-night. I want to be alone! Now, don't bother me, dear boy!"

Jehan Bouchard turned round on his friend. . . .

"Pierre, *mon vieux* . . . You're in love! Now, confess! No fellow wants to sit moping alone in the front room away from all his comrades unless he's in love!"

Pierre shrugged his shoulders in a dignified and aloof manner, as if such frivolities as falling in love were far beneath him.

"Don't talk nonsense, Jehan! I'm thinking out an idea for rather a big thing for the *Salon*. So I want to be away and alone for a bit. Surely you can understand, man? Forgive me. And excuse me to-night. But I really don't feel equal to the boisterous crowd within."

And Pierre turned towards his seat of the evening before and hung up his soft felt hat on a peg, as his friend sympathetically turned and left him alone.

Pierre ordered his dinner listlessly, his gaze on the door in constant attention. It was hardly seven o'clock yet and of course Pomm and Maryvonne had not yet arrived. The waiter who usually attended to Pierre expressed his surprise at seeing him so early.

"Tell me, Gustave," inquired Pierre, leaning familiarly over towards the friendly *gargon*, for caste and social distances did not flourish at the Mille restaurant, "tell me. . . . Do you really know nothing at all about those people who were here last night?"

"What people?" For Gustave had, of course, entirely forgotten Pierre's enquiries of the evening before.

"The old, ugly man with the tall, dark girl," quoth Pierre.

"Oh, no! Monsieur Pierre! I told you last night, I know nothing at all about them. They come here to nearly all their meals, but I don't even know their names. They never speak to me

except to order their food, which certainly seems remarkable . . ." said Gustave, reflectively. And surely, the reticence of these particular customers must have appeared strange to Gustave, considering that he knew all the business, the love affairs and financial positions, of all the regular clients of *le Père Mille*, who invariably made him their confidant.

"The old man himself has been a faithful customer here for even long before Monsieur Mille took on the place," pursued Gustave. "We think that he is a retired naval officer. As for the young lady—bless her pretty face!" Gustave was evidently a keen connoisseur of beauty—"we suppose that she's his daughter, though no one can accuse her of resembling her father in features—bless her! They always speak together and seem to discuss books and learning. Perhaps the young lady is a student at the Sorbonne. There are a good many lady students there now. I think she must be, for several times she has been here at luncheon time with a *serviette* full of books under her arm. And she looks so serious-minded and wise, too, for her years! She's modest and well brought-up too—nothing flighty or frivolous about her! She seems devoted to the old man. Yes. We think he must be her father."

The loquacious Gustave was here called away to attend to the wants of another customer and Pierre left to himself began to play with his food and watch the door. He was soon rewarded with the sight of Maryvonne and her presumed father, who came into the restaurant and took their places as the evening before. Maryvonne betrayed by no sign that she saw Pierre. She paid not the slightest attention to him, thus behaving, of course, as a *jeune fille bien élevée* should do. But she was certainly curiously elated and excited, though she

attributed her unusual agitation to the emotions of the play the night before, being full of memories of it still and speaking of nothing else with Pomm all through the meal.

Pierre lost no opportunity in taking out his sketch-book again and freely transferring on to its pages many new aspects of Maryvonne's face. Profile, full-face, three-quarters—he had them all and now possessed more than enough to reconstitute her perfect features in clay. All the time he drew, Maryvonne betrayed by no sign whatever that she was conscious of his attention, and as for Pomm he still never even perceived that a young man sat at the table opposite to theirs.

Meanwhile Pierre was cudgelling his brains to find some excuse to address old Pomm, whom in his anger at his helplessness, he still so unkindly called the "*vieux bourgeois*!" He wondered what the old man would say if he went up to him and boldly asked his permission to portray his lovely daughter! He could imagine the old fellow's astonishment if he were to go up to him now and beg for his consent! The very thought as he looked at the unconscious Pomm at, this moment made him feel cold in his bones! (The old man now wore a most forbidding scowl upon his kind old face because the sauce of the fish he was eating was too sour!) For in spite of his natural merry humor, Pierre had much diffidence and shyness in his composition.

A fortnight later when Pierre had had several opportunities of feasting his eyes upon Maryvonne's loveliness, which enthralled him more and more, he had made many more sketches than were necessary for his work and at his studio he had begun to model a clay *Mignon* which, though it did not yet answer entirely to his dreams, allowed him to build up great hopes. He had secured the daughter of his con-

ierge to sit for the proportions of the figure. From a top shelf in his studio, which it amused him to call his library, he pulled down an old and dilapidated copy of "Wilhelm Meister" and assiduously set to work to gather inspiration from Goethe's literary description of *Mignon*, so as to have the figure of the winsome child well defined in his mind both pictorially and poetically. During the whole of the following month he worked incessantly at the bust, going to the restaurant every evening to gain fresh inspiration from his original model. And all this time Maryvonne kept her eyes bent down on to the table, or spoke with Pomm without the slightest sign that she had noticed the young man. She often thought of him, however, and was not only amused but immensely interested by his evident and constant attention. In her mind she had christened him *Hernani*. But though she had seen him occupied in sketching, she had not realized that he had achieved a complete portrait of her own lovely self.

By the time he had finished the clay figure Pierre suddenly decided to carve the *Mignon* in marble. It was a deliberate folly as he told himself, for the price of a block of marble would cripple his slender resources for many months to come. But the idea held him so strongly that he went the following day to his *marbrier* to try to obtain a perfectly pure block of the rose flushed kind. He was delighted to find exactly what he wanted and his fingers itched to get to work at once, but he was obliged to make special arrangements for monthly payments for the block whose possession he triumphantly secured.

Then he began at once upon the de-

light of chipping and carving. From the first preliminary blows, his blood began to tingle with delight. He felt that he was inaugurating his masterpiece. Never before had an artist begun a work with such exalted creative passion and such fervent inspiration. As he struck at the marble and finally curbed and carved down its materiality to the fineness and delicacy of the beautiful features which his mind saw, as he worked, he tasted the inner exultation of the creator. His *Mignon* grew into palpitating life beneath his ardent incisive chisel and he felt it living in his trembling though respectful hands. As he proceeded with the more delicate and subtle modelling of the sad smiling features, he felt as if he were caressing the face of his beloved, and an awed fear of his sacrifice assailed him and left him vacillating between fear, hope and love.

Few sculptors achieve alone the whole work of carving in the marble from the first to the last stroke. But Pierre would employ no alien aid in the fashioning of his *Mignon's* loveliness. No other hand but his own should be allowed to minister to his image. His exaltation was so great that it seemed to him as the work grew to life in his hands that to work thus was to pray. Thus Pierre prayed and was uplifted almost to the understanding of genius. Day and night he chiselled, carved, modelled incessantly with the feverish fire of the creative artist. And when the figure was entirely finished, he knelt down before it, not as in homage of the work of his hands, but because it seemed to him that now he had re-created the woman he loved, thus making her his own completely. And it was Maryvonne — the woman — he saluted in his own work.

(To be continued.)

KIT MARLOWE, PIONEER.

In February, 1564, in the parish church of St. George the Martyr, at Canterbury, the register bears witness that a certain small child, "the sonne of John Marlowe, a shoemaker," was christened Christopher. Kit Marlowe's early years were spent in that quiet cathedral city, once the busy Mecca of devout pilgrims, but in Marlowe's time a resting-place for courtiers and ambassadors on their way to and from the Continent. Educated at the King's School, Canterbury, through the help of a patron he went up to Cambridge in 1581, and obtained his degree in 1583. Of his life after 1583 little is known. In 1587 his first play, "Tamburlaine," was produced, and took the public ear at once, by reason of its impetuous force, its splendid command of blank verse and its sensitiveness to beauty.

Tamburlaine is a Scythian shepherd obsessed with the idea that his mission in life is to be "the scourge of God" and a terror to the world till "Immortal Jove says, Cease, Tamburlaine." He pursues and overcomes the mightiest monarchs of the eastern world with the bloodthirstiness of a savage beast; captive kings drag his chariot to the field of battle for further conquest, and with their queens are imprisoned in cages; at length dashing out their brains rather than exist for further indignity. Yet Tamburlaine is possessed of a personal magnetism that cannot be withstood:

Sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.

says the Persian warrior sent to quell him.

Cowardice is an abomination for which he slays one of his sons; and to teach them endurance he does not

hesitate to lacerate his own flesh. Smitten with pain and sickness, "the ugly monster Death," though he follow, cannot instil terror into him. "Let us march," he says, "and weary Death with bearing souls to hell," but even Tamburlaine the mighty conqueror must yield place to a mightier.

"Tamburlaine" was succeeded by "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," in which the dramatist gives an old mediæval legend a glowing Renaissance setting. The story of the alchemist who sells his soul to the Devil never lost its fascination, and in late years Faustus became more of the heartless sensualist than the headstrong magician. It was in this form that Goethe found the story and turned it to his own use. In the ancient legend the Faustus barters his soul in return for some years of gaiety and pleasure. Marlowe's Faustus desires pleasure also, but incidentally only, it is every form of joy that he would drink of freely. He is a genuine incarnation of the Renaissance spirit, and has nothing of that calculating, introspective nature peculiar to Goethe's gentleman. Following "Faustus" came "The Jew of Malta," a play rich in fine episodes, and with a glorious opening, but lacking the grip and imaginative appeal of the earlier plays. "Edward II.," his last play, is, from the technical point of view, also his best. Lacking the intensity and rhythmic beauty of the earlier plays, it shows rare skill of construction, while the characterization is wholly admirable. To some extent, no doubt, it inspired Shakespeare's "Richard II.," and the abdication scene is obviously modelled on Marlowe's.

Marlowe's other work for the stage is almost negligible. "The Massacre of Paris" survives, it is true, in a frag-

mentary and corrupt condition, but this dramatization of contemporary French history is strangely lacking in power and interest. "The Tragedy of Dido," written in conjunction with Nash and published after Marlowe's death, has a certain lyric sweetness, but bears little impress of Marlowe's greatness, and is supposed to be an early work, greatly altered and added to by his collaborator. A great portion of "Henry VI," is from Marlowe's pen, and more happily reminiscent; but the outstanding work, putting aside the four plays above discussed, is the fragmentary "Hero and Leander," a poem of singular freshness and beauty.

In 1593 Marlowe, probably retreating from the plague then raging in London, stayed in the little village of Deptford, and was here slain in a drunken brawl by a "bawdy serving man, and a rival of his lewd love." He was then twenty-nine years of age.

A rebel in thought as well as in imagination, Marlowe reminds us of his own Faustus. His genius had serious limitations. Deficient as it was in humor, sympathetic insight and subtlety, along its own lines it was supremely great. Marlowe had dreamed his early dreams in the great cathedral city. And a dreamer he always remained. For despite his roving life and dissipation, despite his restless vitality and love of the world, his real compelling life was the life of the imagination.

Marlowe saw clearly enough that the Romantic drama was suited to the needs of the nation, and that therefore no other form of drama could express so well its abundant, concrete life. But he saw also that for the Romantic drama to be a thing of beauty as well as a force, the medium of blank verse must be chosen. No finer tribute was paid him than that given by Michael Drayton, in *Epistles of Poets and Poesy* (1627):

Neat¹ Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the fine poets had: his raptures were
All air and fire which made his verses clear;
For that fair madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

"Fair madness" is a satisfying phrase fit to rank beside the noble suggestion of Keats, that "Poetry should please by a fine excess."

In the first place Kit Marlowe raised the subject matter of the drama to a higher level. He provided big, heroic subjects that appealed to the imagination. Tamburlaine, a world conqueror; Faust, in pursuit of universal knowledge; Barabbas, with fabulous dreams of wealth; Edward II., with his mingling nobility and worthlessness, sounding the heights and depths of human nature.

The insatiable spirit of adventure, the master passions of love and hate, ideals of beauty, the greatness and littleness of human life—these were his subjects. That he had the knowledge and power to deal with them adequately could not be said, but it is sufficient that he interested his fellowmen in them, and recalling his brief, meteoric and unhappy life, it is marvellous, not that he made so many mistakes, but that his achievements were so high.

Secondly, he gave life and reality to his characters. They were no longer puppets pulled by a spring, but living and breathing realities. You can feel the fierce exaltation of the conqueror, Tamburlaine; the vibrant passion and rapturous longing of his Faust; the fierce selfishness of his Barabbas.

Thirdly, he took the blank verse of the Classical School, hard and un-

¹ Ingenuous.

flinching as a rock, and struck it with his rod till the waters of human emotion gushed forth. The old rhyming lines of Romantic drama he put aside; blank verse had little grip when he took it in hand, but he divined its immense possibilities, and saw how it could be made to express of the finest wit or the most delicate fancy.

Its "infinite variety" was beyond his power to give: that remained for his successors to show: but its color and energy he revealed. He "taught successors to play upon its hundred stops" if he could not play upon them himself. He found blank verse consisting of lines, each ending with an accented monosyllable, each line standing by itself, a thing of nerveless monotone. He varied the rhythmic pauses, altered the accents, made the metre to suit the subject instead of fitting the subject to the metre; and bade farewell to the "jigging veins of rhyming mother wits, and such conceits as clownage keeps in pay."

Fourthly, he gave a unity to the drama, hitherto lacking.

Plays before had been formless, a succession of isolated scenes often with no proper connecting link. Marlowe reveals quite sufficient splendor to show us the extent of Shakespeare's indebtedness. Indeed, it was many years before Shakespeare could rise to Marlowe's height, for fine and interesting as is "Richard II.," it was not merely modelled on "Edward II.," but falls short of that play in its characterization and imaginative power.

Marlowe's work has three marked characteristics: (1) Its pictorial quality, (2) its ecstatic quality, (3) its vitalizing energy.

Its pictorial quality: The old chronicle plays meandered on with no sharp visualizing power; the imitations of Seneca, the comedy ventures *à la* Plautus lack not only life but charm and presentation.

Sackville's lines drag; Lily's affectations worry; but Marlowe, with his instinct for selecting those scenes that best impress the imagination and those similes that strike home most effectively, made of the drama a thing of beauty.

With Keats and Morris, Marlowe shares an intense appreciation of color effects; there is the glitter of gold and scarlet about his verse:

The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels

With Turkey carpet shall be covered.
And cloth of arras hung about the walls,

Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce;

A hundred bassoos clothed in crimson silk,

Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds,

And when thou goest, a gold canopy Enchas'd with precious stones. . . .

In reading these lines we think of the rich ornament in "The Eve of St. Agnes."

The magic of old-world names holds him. He treats them like jewels to give warmth and color to his verse: Is it not passing brave to be a King And ride in triumph' thro' Persepolis!

Here indeed is the poet's joy in words:

It has been well said that "Tamburlaine" was the work of the first great poet who uses our modern English speech. And superb was the use he made of it.

But the pictorial quality is no mere visualizing of a dreamer's fancy; it shows the inspiration of that spirit of adventure which was in the air.

Tamburlaine is a kind of monstrous Drake. His thirst for conquest, his passion for discovery, is the passion of Drake, of Hawkins, and of Frobisher. In Tamburlaine's last speech he speaks of what may yet be discovered, and it is a speech which would flush the cheeks of the swarthy sailors in the

audience. We have always to remember that Columbus is the pioneer of the age no less than More, and that many poets of the time, like Raleigh, were also voyagers.

Its ecstatic quality: This is well exemplified in the speech of Faustus:

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

[*Kisses her.*]

Her lips suck forth my soul! See, where it flies!

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again—

Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips:

And all is dross that is not Helen.

It is indeed a fire that burns through his verse, and gives it glow and radiance, mellowing the harsh crudities and coarse outlines:

. . . Ah, my good Lord, be patient, she is dead:

And all this raging cannot make her live:

If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;

If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth;

If grief, our murdered hearts hath streamed forth blood:

Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my Lord. . . .

Had I as many souls as there be stars—

I'd give them all for Mephistopheles.

Here is the thirst for beauty expressed:

What is beauty, sayeth my sufferings, then?

If all the pens that ever poets held Have fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,

And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,

Their minds and muses on admirèd themes;

If all the heavenly quintessences they still

From their immortal flowers of poesy,

Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive The highest reaches of a human wit;

If these had made one poem's period,

And all combined in beauty's worthiness,

Yet should there hover in their restless heads

One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,

Which into words no virtue can digest.

What matter for drama the northern sagas would have yielded him: Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, the Story of Sigurd?

The ecstatic note in his verse is seen also in "Barabbas."

Barabbas is waiting for his daughter, who has tricked his foes of their treasure, simulating love and religion to further her father's base projects.

Thus, Barabbas:

. . . Like the sad-presaging raven, that tolls

The sick man's passport in her hollow beak.

And in the shadow of the silent night Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.

Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabbas

With fatal curses towards these Christians.

The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time

Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;

And of my former riches rests no more But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar,

That had no further comfort for his maim.

O Thou, that with a fiery pillar ledst The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,

Like Abraham's offspring, and direct the hand

Of Abigail this night! or let the day Turn to eternal darkness after this!

No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,

Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts

Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Then the treasure is found and thrown down to him:

O my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity,

Strength to my soul, death to mine
enemy:

Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee
here too!

Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practise thy enlargement
thence:

O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!
[*Hugs the bags.*]

In his joy he forgets danger until
reminded of it by his daughter. He,
softened and excited, kisses her, and
rises into sentimental raptures:

Farewell my joy, and by my fingers
take

A kiss from him that sends it from
his soul.

Its vitalizing energy: This vitalizing
energy redeemed the "Tamburlaine"
from absurdity, and gave a lifting
power to the "Faust" legends which
won the praise of Goethe.

He is not content with vague de-
scription, but actualizes his subject, as
in the pageant of the Seven Deadly
Sins in "Faustus." Many a mediaeval
poet had sung of them. Marlowe gives
them life and reality.

To the modern reader, the gruesome
physical touches strike as distasteful
and jarring, where they do not merely
amuse. But childish as some of the
theatrical effects seem, these are but
the overflows of a strong and vital
imagination. One moment we think of
Pyramus — this is "Ercles' vein, the
tyrant's vein," and are reminded of
the

Raging shocks, and shivering shocks.
At the next moment we pass from the

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ridiculous to the sublime, and the
vibrant music of his eloquence takes
us by the throat and compels our
admiration.

Marlowe's genius did not incline him
much to the lyric, though his famous
"Passionate Shepherd" shows what he
could do in this direction. But his
fragmentary narrative poem, "Hero
and Leander," has a fresh, sensitive
beauty transcending the coarser magni-
ficence of young Shakespeare's "Venus
and Adonis." The haunting line:
Who ever loved that loved not at first
sight?

lingered long in Shakespeare's memory.

A cursory examination of Marlowe's
work might incline the reader to think
that his nature was highly passionate.
Of passion, however, in the primal,
full-blooded sense of the word, there is
really little in Marlowe's writings. He
is rather excitable and ecstatic, moved
to exuberant expression by certain ap-
peals to the imagination, such as the
appeal of beauty, but not profoundly
emotional as was Shakespeare, or
Beaumont and Fletcher, or Webster.
He never suggests the man of the
world, the student of human nature,
always the wistful visionary, living in
a world of his own, a world of beauty
and wonder. He had, of course, the
defects of his age: a frequent over-
luxuriance of imagination, a lack of
restraint, an extravagance bordering
on the ridiculous. But no criticism can
obscure the greatness of his genius. He
found the drama crude and chaotic, he
left it a force in English literature.

Arthur Compton-Rickett.

SHAKESPEARE'S WARRIORS.

War has been so long a stranger to
the English imagination that ideas,
which were the familiar companions of
our forefathers, have suddenly pre-
sented themselves to our own genera-

tion with all the vehemence of novelty.
Like Falstaff's soldiers, we have our-
selves become the cankers of a calm
world and a long peace, and have
never had occasion to consider what

war really means to a suffering nation. Even now, it may be, we are only upon the threshold of experience; but one truth has been brought home to every household during the past winter, and that is the very indisputable, though forgotten truth, that War is the great sifter-out of the souls of men, the infallible test of character. If the first few months of this terrible conflict have taught us anything, they have taught us, first and foremost, that warfare, which takes life and breaks it upon the anvil, has just this one redeeming feature: it beats the metal of human character into a stuff that endures. Out of the aggregate of the individual lives that are sacrificed, war forges the life of a race; it builds up the character of a nation. And, as we re-open our Shakespeare, who lived in an age of warfare, and in the flowered era of reconstruction which followed upon the fruits of victory, we suddenly see, in the light of present experiences, the whole panorama of war, with its drama of national character, spread out before us in his martial pages. There is not a play of Shakespeare's dealing with warfare which is not absolutely alive with character, born, bred, and fostered in the struggle of the time. "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety,"—the only safety, the only salvation possible to the fighting spirit of man.

I.

The psychology of war commences in comedy, after the fashion of all good drama. Down in Gloucestershire there are two prattling justices-of-the-peace, convened for the recruiting of troops. The scene is fixed five hundred years ago, but there seems to be a very different disposition among the bumpkins, who vie with one another in shirking duty, while corruption stalks abroad among the officers. Who is this who rolls down into the country to prick

good men for the King, fretting like gummed velvet, larding the lean earth as he walks along? Sir John Falstaff has got himself appointed recruiting officer; and, while he closes one eye upon Bardolph's rank abuse of the King's press, he opens the corresponding hand to receive the bribe which Mouldy and Bulcalf have handed to his "Master Corporate," to get them excused service. A coward knows best how to deal with cowards; and it is vain labor lost for modern criticism to pretend to see in Falstaff the misdirected elements of heroism. For Falstaff is a giant of deception, and he knows his own character through and through. He is dragged unwillingly to war, from his settle by the inn-fire, where he has loved to hear the chimes at midnight, protesting, "O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!" Every pretence of bravery which he assumes, the hacked sword, the nose tickled with spear-grass, the garments beslobbered with his own blood—all these springes to catch woodcocks are merely Falstaff's concession to the spirit of the hour. Warfare is abroad; every man's sword is naked; and even Sir John Falstaff must be in the fashion. But in his heart of hearts he laughs, not only at his own masquerade of bravery, but no less at the terrible irony of fate, which sets truly brave men slaughtering one another, in order that comfortable gentlemen may lie abed, and cowards counterfeit death and save their skins alive. The philosophy of Falstaff is the philosophy of compromise. Make a good show of life, he would say, for life is short enough. Never commit yourself; never be put into the wrong; never lack an excuse. Honor is a fine word, but all words are but air. Honor cannot set to a leg, but discretion can use its legs to its own advantage. Life is a jest, but death is a plaguey uncomfortable

business. Live, then, as long as you can manage to, and let those who will, die for the sake of impossible loyalties. And so Falstaff lets the cowards off, and Mouldy and Bulcalf return to their squalid avocations. It is no matter to Falstaff that the men he is swearing in to arms are no fitter to fight than those with whom he was ashamed to march through Coventry a year or two before. He has pricked him his half-a-dozen sufficient men; his belly-doublet is full of good sack; and his money-bag heavier by three pounds sterling. On to the next recruiting station! "Whistle o'er the lave o't." So do the parasites of war keep their countenance, while the best men are made a sacrifice for the worst.

But let us follow some of these good fellows into the battle. How wonderfully has Shakespeare fathomed the heart of the recruit, quivering on the eve of his first engagement! A smaller genius would have held persistently to the heroic note; would have shown us a whole army confronting danger without a qualm of apprehension. But Shakespeare knows human nature better than that. Between the lines at Agincourt the spectre of fear stalks, like Hamlet's ghost, whimpering before the dawn. This is the hour when courage beats at its lowest ebb, when even the bravest are sensible of the chill. "We see yonder," says Williams, "the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it." And Bates, sound warrior though he be, is doubtful if the King himself can be feeling comfortable, seeing that his soldier is so keenly aware of his own discomfort. "I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures; so we were quit here." And then follows that wholly human outburst from Williams, in which the

public condemnation of those who make battles unadvisedly stands written for ever in words of sullen fire. "Woe unto them that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." The cause alone is a justifiable reason for so much intolerable suffering.

"But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all *We died at such a place*; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection." These are reasonable men, typical warriors of the rank and file, subject only to reasonable fears for the safety of their homes and the loved ones they have left behind them. Good material for a good leader, what they need, above all things, is leadership; and Shakespeare's pageant of warfare, always rounding and completing itself, is full of types of the military leader, covering, it might almost be said, the whole field of human Knighthood. We can only take a few examples, but they may serve as a groundwork of suggestion. The reader's memory will easily elaborate the study for himself.

II.

"Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish
to be?"

Without seeming, perhaps, to inquire too curiously, it is possible, out of the heroic gallery of Shakespeare's warriors, to build up, stage by stage, the poet's ideal of the warrior-character, beginning with the simplest element of

courage and ending with the perfect picture of self-sacrifice. And, not to make too long a business of it, let us look for one moment, first, at the valiant figure of Philip Faulconbridge in *King John*. Here is the simple, natural leader in his most elementary form. Indeed, Faulconbridge might fairly be described as a schoolboy who has never grown up. He has all the elementary qualities of soldiery, of course, in full flower. He is brave, spirited, a born leader. It is not for nothing that the blood of Richard Coeur de Lion runs in his veins, and so thoroughly is he Richard's son that it causes him not one single qualm to learn that Richard's parentage ought to be his mother's shame.

He that perforse robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!"

In short, he has not yet begun to think. His wit is absolute schoolboy wit, and he has all the schoolboy's passion for a "scrap." The temptation to "score off" everyone who comes up against him is irresistible, and his methods are as cheap as blackberries. The brother who has supplanted him, for example, is the easy butt of his humor. This same brother's legs, he declares, are like riding rods, and his arms "eel-skins stuffed." His own adversary's sword is a "toasting-iron," and the lion's skin which the Duke of Austria wears over his shoulders provokes him to a world-famous retort.

"Thou wear a lion's hide," cries Constance, "doff it for shame!
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

Austria, at once blustering, disdains to quarrel with a woman:—

"O that a *man* should speak those words to me,"

he cries, and Faulconbridge at once slips into his opportunity:—

"And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs," he retorts.

"Thou darest not, villain, say so for thy life!"

"And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

It is rank, preparatory-school repartee, but it is pure Faulconbridge. And so he goes on blundering through the play, a valiant, cheery spirit to the last. Only once does he seem to pause for thought, and that is when he discovers that the Kings before the walls of Angiers have entered into an unholy compact, to serve their own mean conveniences. Then for once he breaks into railing:—

"Mad world! mad Kings! mad composition,"

he shouts to the heavens: and for a moment it seems as though he were going to be strong enough to break with the whole tricky business. But it is only for a moment. His nature is too shallow to resist. He has been given his cause and his party; and, like the whole-hearted partisan that he is, he can only keep along the plain road. So he passes out of the story blundering, thundering, but impeccably brave; and that Shakespeare himself loved his jolly, wayward schoolboy is clear in every honest word that he puts into his mouth—clearest of all, perhaps, when he reserves for Faulconbridge the finest bit of national bravado that any British warrior ever had the privilege of uttering:—

"This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror;
Come the three corners of the world
in arms,

And we shall shock them. Nought
shall make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true."

The man who could say that, and believe it, was certainly the man to lead.

III.

But whither to lead? and to what

purpose? For hot-headed youth must be schooled by judgment. The true warrior must not only be brave and imperious; he must be a thinker as well, and the next of Shakespeare's warriors takes the stage with his brows knit, his lips hard set, and his mind overclouded with "thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy."

Harry Hotspur is the undisputed hero of the first part of *King Henry IV.*, and he bears himself so like the issue of a King, that the King himself would gladly change sons with the Duke of Northumberland, Harry Hotspur's father:—

"O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had
exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where
they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then I would have his Harry, and he
mine."

And the friendly rivalry between the fathers has already begun to ripen into an impending struggle between the sons. We all know what the Prince of Wales thinks of Hotspur, and how he affects to despise his rival's innocent swagger.

"I am not yet of Percy's mind," he says; "the Hotspur of the north. He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.'"

"O, my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?"

"Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle!"

And Hotspur, in his turn, has just as much contempt for the Prince's loose ways and tavern companionship:—

"And this same sword and buckler
Prince of Wales,

But that I think his father loves him
not,
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of
ale."

Well, words are cheap. The sequel shows that the two Harrys were foes men worthy of each other's steel.

Hotspur has so far advanced beyond Faulconbridge that he has begun to think. War means to him something more than "guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!" He is a soldier in the grand style, a man of dreams and ambitions, and, like all men who have learned to think, he is a man with an ideal. And it is just this idealism which lifts him into the ranks of true feudal Knighthood. The spirit of mediæval chivalry is embodied in Harry Hotspur.

His nature is as fresh and open as a spring morning, and he looks to find everyone else as open and as frank as himself. Who does not know such men? The world is full of them still. Panoplied in sincerity themselves, the one antagonism which they cannot face with patience is the lack of sincerity in others. Downright opposition they can meet like a man; honorable rivalry is a joy to them; but, when it comes to trickery, they seem to lose all tolerance, and dash themselves furiously against the granite walls of fate. And so it is with Hotspur. Directly he detects a secret motive creeping behind the covert of an apparently innocent speech, his rage is all on fire in a moment. Bolingbroke, he sees, is deceiving him, and rather than be on terms with such a trickster he will proclaim rebellion to the world:—

"Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let
my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these
veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop
in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful
king,

As this ingrate and canker'd Boling-
broke."

So very often are rebels made out of
natures of heroic fibre. The call of
Honor is so imperative to the idealist
that all other considerations are swept
by the board, and the warrior of
dreams goes forth to war, in the very
teeth of the authority he used to re-
verence, confident of a sanction higher
than the authority of man:—

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy
leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-
faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch
the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the
locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence
might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellow-
ship!"

Well, he is a wild, whirling hero,
full of fire, and quite sufficiently self-
confident; and he has, of course, the
defects of his fiery temperament. None
of the arts and graces are his, and he
can scarcely even spare time to
bandy endearments with one of the
most fascinating wives that ever be-
guiled a warrior's leisure. Lady Percy
knows well enough that there are
troubles on his mind, and with the
prettiest little tricks she tries to
wheedle his secret out of him:—

"In faith, I'll break thy little finger,
Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things
true."

But until he is on horseback, Hotspur
has not a word for her, and even then
the man who would rather hear a dog
howl in Irish than a Welsh lady sing,
has no time for more than a flying
kiss, and a prayer that

"The hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans ap-
plaud our sport."

A wild, whirling hero, without doubt;
but, when Honor has called her sol-
dier, he has neither eye nor ear for
any fond distractions by the way.

IV.

To true leadership, however, some-
thing more is needed, and when Hot-
spur meets his match upon the field
of Shrewsbury, he meets a better man
than himself, not only in soldiery, but
in the higher qualities of manhood.
For Warfare has set its mark upon
Prince Hal, and he is in love with
vanity no more:—

"Now being awaked, he doth despise
his dream:
Presume not that he is the thing he
was."

The story of the madcap Prince of
Wales is Shakespeare's shining tribute
to the purging, purifying effect of war
upon the human character. It is also
the crucial example of the old truth,
so often repeated in modern experi-
ence, that the reformed rebel makes
the best leader.

Indeed, Prince Hal, as we see him
in Shakespeare's drama, stood in ur-
gent need of reformation. Poor Prince!
he started with a heavy handicap, for
he could not help being the son of
cankered Bolingbroke, and his father
was ready enough to acknowledge the
responsibilities of parentage. Is there
any scene more tender and more true
in the whole of literature than that
heart-searching interview between
father and son—perhaps the very first
occasion in all their lives when these
two men, so closely related by the ties
of blood and association, had really
looked each other fairly in the face,
and spoken together honestly, as man
to man? The very circumstances of
the meeting are poignant.

The King has heard that rebellion

has broken out, that Hotspur has called his men to arms, and that the very throne of England is threatened. The first person he thinks of, in whom he should naturally confide, is his eldest son, his heir, the Prince of Wales. He sends for him importunately, but he cannot be found in the palace. The messengers are dispatched afield. One man, perhaps, knows better even than the boy's father (for fathers, after all, know so little) where the Prince is likely to be found. And there, to be sure, he is—in a low tavern in Eastcheap, in the midst of the coarsest companions, playing fantastic tricks before high Heaven.

Father and son are face to face at last—all the attendant 'lords withdrawn—and then the old man's heart breaks out in belated bitterness. And as the icy-cold accusation of the father rains down upon the son's head, how do you think Prince Hal felt to remember that, when they came to summon him from "The Boar" at Eastcheap, they had found him sprawling over a table, acting and burlesquing his father before a crowd of half-drunk wasters—twisting his face, no doubt, into that villainous trick of the eye and foolish hanging of the nether lip, which we know he himself had inherited from his father's features—aping his father's reproving accents, and in general roaring down ridicule on precisely such a scene as these two are now enacting together in grim reality? Things look rather different now—do they not?—in the quiet dignity of his father's palace chamber, with the old King—confronted, perhaps, by the very ruin which he himself had dragged down upon his predecessor—laying bare the secrets of his heart and of his ambition, and offering pitiful witness to that most terrible of all human sufferings, the sense of irredeemable disappointment in the child of a father's prayers.

"But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest
enemy?

Thou that art like enough, through
vassal fear,

Base inclination and the start of
spleen,

To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his
frowns,

To show how much thou art de-
generate."

But the madcap Prince of Wales is awake now, alive to honor and responsibility, redeeming time when men thought least he would. "Do not think so," he cries, his whole heart in the words:—

"Do not think so; you shall not find
it so;

And God forgive them that so much
have sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away
from me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious
day

Be bold to tell you that I am your
son."

And nobly indeed was that high
promise ratified; for Hal the Madcap
was to be King Henry the Fifth!

Not that the reformation was such a sudden affair as the then Archbishop of Canterbury would have us believe; for the Prince of Wales, who was always King of Courtesy, had the secret springs of virtue in his heart all through his unregenerate days. What he needed, to bring out the true qualities of leadership, was first experience, and then responsibility; and out of these two moulding influences, fused together in the fire of warfare, grew the crowning quality of the warrior, the priceless virtue of humility. To the making of the true leader, Faulconbridge may be said to have brought courage, and Hotspur idealism, but it was reserved for the King

of England to make his peace with the King of Heaven by adding to these bright virtues the saving grace of self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. To know oneself is the hardest of all human lessons; and to know oneself is to be very humble. But to know oneself is also to be made a man; and with true warrant the Victor of Agincourt can say to the lady of his love:—

“A good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon.

If thou wilt take such a one, take me; And take me, take a soldier—take a soldier, take a King”——

for the kingliest jewel, in the crown that sits so well upon his helmet, is the stainless attribute of a holy and a humble heart.

It would seem as though the mediæval ideal of Knighthood could hardly go further than the summit which it attains in Henry V., but Shakespeare was sufficiently in advance of his age to realize that the noblest heroism of all is, after all, manifested not in victory, but in defeat. That high failure is a nobler thing than low success would appear to be a modern sentiment, were it not that it is a sentiment embodied over and over again in Shakespeare's tragedies. Let us take one example, and so complete the warrior's character with the final glory of self-sacrifice.

V.

Marcus Brutus differs from the general body of Shakespeare's warriors in one essential feature. Most of them were soldiers by profession, but he became a soldier from a sense of duty; and the distinction is one that should come home to English hearts at the present time, when so many careers have been reversed by the call of Honor, and so many dreams willingly relinquished. Brutus had no desire to be a soldier. His whole temperament and course of life were peaceful. A

student, a dreamer, a Platonist, he was living the scholarly, sheltered life of a man of taste and comfort, when suddenly the truth was borne in upon him that something was rotten in the state of Rome, and that the very canker-spot and deadly menace to his world lay in the life and example of his own friend of friends. We need not now consider, with the historian, whether the cause of Brutus was the just cause, whether tyrannicide is ever commendable, or whether the field of Philippi was a field of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and impossible loyalties. Brutus believed in his cause, and held it for the cause of honor, and for the student of character that is enough. The call of Honor was here at last the call of sheer self-sacrifice. Even if it be his dearest friend, the man who threatens the peace of the world must be sacrificed to the common weal.

“Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.”

The die is cast. The life of Cæsar, however dear a thing to his friend, is less than the life of Rome.

But mark how nobly, with what a single heart, Brutus takes into his hand the sword of the High God's vengeance. There are to be no oaths of conspiracy, no vain compelling penalties. Every man's word is to be sufficient warranty to his neighbor:—

“What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?”

And, as there is to be no oath of al-

legiance, so there shall be no brutality of revenge.

"Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers,
Caius,
We all stand up against the spirit of
Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no
blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's
spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it!"

It is the cause, and the cause alone, that sends the sword into his hand. And it is the sequel of that cause, inevitable and overpowering, that hales him forth upon the field of Philippi. It hales him forth to death, and to the last long parting with the last of his friends. But death is an easier fate than slavery:—

"No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to
Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this
same day
Must end that work the ides of March
begun;
And whether we shall meet again I
know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell
take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell,
Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall
smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well
made."

And when the last trench is taken, and the last fluttering rag of a forlorn hope blown to the winds, "Death makes no conquest of this conqueror." Alone upon the field of Philippi, he redeems his promise to the people, made over Cæsar's dead body, in the crowded forum of Rome:—

"With this I depart—that as I slew
my best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to
need my death."

The hour has come. The cause of honor is defeated, but it triumphs through defeat:—

"Farewell, good Strato. Cæsar, now be
still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a
will."

VI.

The character of Shakespeare's happy warrior is now, it seems, complete. To courage has been added imagination, to imagination humility, and to humility self-sacrifice. No "parfit, gentil knight" could offer more upon the shrine of Honor, for there is no nobler sacrifice possible to humanity than the offering of self-love vanquished, and a stainless life laid down. And to-day, when from the devastated fields of Belgium, the old cry comes back across the ages—"O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet"—we seem to see a new meaning in the eternal quarrel between might and right. Cæsars fall, but the spirit of Cæsar still goes walking the world, seeking whom it may devour. Tyrannies are submerged, but the soul of the Tyrant is immortal.

From the ashes of Louvain, from the pitiful desolation of Antwerp, from the shattered sanctuary of Malines, Honor is calling her sons into the field to-day, as she called Marcus Brutus two thousand years ago. Warfare is a horrible thing—a vile, abominable wrong, and all the splendor of poetry can never disguise its horror. But there is a crisis in the life of mankind, when the heart of every man becomes the heart of a warrior, and when the call that summoned Brutus is heard in every peaceful home. And to that call Courage and Duty have only one reply. For this is one of those "awful moments, to which Heaven has joined great issues, when the fire kindles, the savage indignation tears the heart, and the soul, arising against some incarnate symbol of iniquity exclaims,

'By God, you shall not do that. I will kill you rather. I will rather die!' " And then the warrior of Truth unsheathes his sword, and goes down into the battle. And whether he stand,

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or whether he fall, the end at least is sure.

"This is the happy warrior: this is He Whom every man in arms should wish to be!"

Arthur Waugh.

THE ROOT OF THE OAK.

"It is foolish to speak of Nature as inanimate and of her patience as inexhaustible, for we do not lack positive evidence that there exists a line of provocation beyond which it is not safe for man to step.—*J. R. Paslew.*"

My stepfather, Mr. Horace Grainger, was a man in the middle forties, tall, well-built and of strong coloring. There was not a drachm of sentiment in his composition; and although I might respect him, I cannot pretend that I ever liked him. His business, which grew (I believe) from very small beginnings, had to do with house property, and he came to own a great number of houses in different suburbs of London. He anticipated many of the urban migrations of the time; so that when builders, and surveyors, and prospective residents had flocked out in some new direction, there they would find Mr. Grainger, already in possession of the choicest building sites, and waiting to be bought out at his own price.

About three years after my mother's death, when I was a boy of sixteen at a public school, he tried a new departure in building for himself on a large scale. Old Sir Carus Wlyle, the tenth baronet, having died of senility, the great Wlyle estate in the north of London came into the market. The County Council at once laid hands on some forty acres for one of those hideous "parks," fertile only in bandstands and iron chairs, that add so greatly to the depressing squalor of

our outer suburbs; but hard on their heels came my stepfather. With his usual adroitness, he acquired two long strips of valuable land: one along the main road, suitable for shops; one running north from this at right angles, where private houses might be erected. He determined to build on these strips himself, and to begin at once; for already the great invasion of cheap red brick, and rough-cast, and Norwegian timber overlapped the old estate to east and west, and a crowd of other builders were falling over each other in their eagerness to rend and disfigure this virgin soil.

And now began one of those terrible transformations that have ringed London about with ugliness and crime. For it is a crime to build after the fashion of the modern cheap contractor. People talk of the devastation of the Palatinate: it is nothing to the devastation of the Home Counties. I was an unwilling witness of this beginning, for it befell in my summer holidays, and I accompanied my stepfather on his visits to his new property. Every visit filled me with pain and anger; for even then I had a passionate love of the country and of all beautiful things. The Wlyle estate had been very beautiful—well-timbered, with pleasant undulations and a small tributary of the Thames trickling through its midst. A noble Georgian house stood in a sloping garden, heavy with the scent of ancient flowers. And now this garden was being planted out with green notice-

¹ Henry W. Nevinson: "Essays in Rebellion." (Nisbet.)

boards, indicating the hours between which it was open, and where you might step and where you might not; and the old house was to provide club- and tea-rooms, and a dancing hall for the insufferable population of the district. And everywhere else miracles were happening—bad, dreadful miracles. A thousand devils, in the lineaments of surveyors, and plumbers, and builders, were at work. Trees that had stood for centuries were dug up by the roots. The rich grass withered and died beneath heaps of cheap bricks and cheap timber. Incomparable turf slopes were gashed cruelly with embryo roads, like wounds that seemed to bleed unpitied and unheeded; and above them, as if in mockery, stood sign posts, bearing in pseudo-archaic lettering their future designations—River View Road, De Beauvoir Crescent, Alcibiades Avenue.

And on all sides one saw enormous notice-boards, sprung up in a night like terrifying growths, offering artistic modern bijou residences, from £45 per annum upwards. . . . Boy as I was, I remember that, as I looked about upon this panorama of ruin, there came into my mind the queer idea that perhaps one day long-suffering Nature would rise against her persecutors and overwhelm them, so that they would die in terror of her, and the great weeds would climb once more upon their ephemeral altars to the God of Gain.

During my third visit to the estate, I was the silent but interested listener to a dialogue between my stepfather and the foreman of the works concerning an immense oak that rose from the middle of a plot allotted to a bijou villa. It was an astonishing great tree, its hollow trunk, crusted with ivy, large enough to fill a room, the shadow of its leaves covering the whole garden and the width of the road beside. Its giant roots lay upon

the ground as though they were the limbs of some antediluvian; and when one peeped through a hole in the bark, it was black and deep within, like a well.

"It seems a pity to cut down that tree," said the foreman. "It's a wunnerful bit of timber, an' it'll be down of itself afore long."

"Well," said my stepfather, "I can't push the house back for the sake of a tree; and if I did it would nearly fill the garden."

"That it would," said the foreman, a little contemptuously, I thought. "They'll need to grow a new sort o' tree for these modern gardens. When *that* grew they didn't trouble about space. It's a famous tree, they tell me. Bound up in the family fortunes, an' all that. Well, it's true, anyway: the family's gone, an' the tree's going. . . . It's nigh six hundred year old, they say; and one of these here Wlyes hanged hisself on it once."

"Well, no one else will," remarked my stepfather. "And that's very certain. See that it comes down this week."

When next I went there, the tree was down. Its massive, contorted limbs lay piled in the roadway; the pit they had dug about its roots was filled in again; and men were measuring trenches for what were euphemistically termed the foundations of the villa.

Shortly after, I returned to school. Coming home for Christmas, I learnt that half the houses in Wlye Park Road—for so my stepfather's thoroughfare was named—were already finished and tenanted. Presently, an unwilling victim, I was taken to see the adolescent suburb, and I was able to exhibit genuine astonishment at the progress it had made in a couple of months. Most of the roads, it is true, were simple mud-sloughs, for metalling was left to the end; but the whole great

estate was now covered with buildings in every stage of construction. Religion went hand in hand with commerce; for on the summit of the hill, by the main park gates, an Italianate church of peculiar ugliness had already risen to the eaves.

I remember that I looked with some interest at the villa which had replaced the great oak on which a man had hanged himself. It was a house of some pretentiousness, rented (as my stepfather informed me) at £50 a year. In plan, it was of that meaningless irregularity that is now considered so emphatically artistic. It had one rough-cast gable, disproportionately large. Its front door was set at an angle, for no other reason that I could see than that most doors are permitted to stand flush with the wall. There were a number of small, odd-shaped windows scattered about, apparently at random, with bottle-glass much in evidence. All the external wood-work—including useless shutters with orifices the shape of tulips—was painted green, perhaps in satiric recognition of the fact that it was green within. The house was called Oak-Dene, whatever that may signify. Picturing in my mind the noble tree it had displaced, the name struck me as an insult—a malignant perpetuation of a crime.

It happened that during the next half-year I saw even less than usual of my stepfather, for I passed the Easter holidays at the house of a school friend. After the Summer Term I intended to screw up my courage to speak to Mr. Grainger about my future. He had hitherto taken it for granted that I should join him in his business, but I was secretly determined to do nothing of the sort. When the long holiday came, however, our projected journey to France and the dreaded discussion were alike delayed. My stepfather was bringing an action

against one of his tenants for recovery of rent, and he was determined to be present at the proceedings, which were due about the middle of August. The matter appeared to worry him, which surprised me, for he was always engaged in litigation of this kind. But as the case developed I was still more surprised.

"It's Oak-Dene, you know, over at Wylie Park," my stepfather explained; "and this makes the third lot who have cut and run from that house in six months. I'm getting tired of it. I got my money back from the others easily enough—they seemed only too glad to pay up and quit; but this rascal won't hand over a farthing—says the house is damp and unhealthy, and makes the children ill, and all that nonsense. You never heard such rubbish! Unhealthy, indeed! It's two hundred feet up, gravel soil, faces south, no trees about it, and drains perfect. I always see to that: bad drains are false economy in these days of sanitary inspectors, and other damned busybodies. But you remember the house, I dare say. . . .? Any-one would think the plague was in it, from the way these people talk; and yet when you try to pin 'em down to a plain statement of fact they ramble on about its being gloomy and creepy! Their very words! But I'll make 'em sit up! There's this to be said: I've made the rent three times over in the first half-year. . . . It's bad business, though, all the same: frightens other people, and all that. Family next door cleared off, because of this. Nothing to complain of themselves, but just scared—people are crazy about infection in these days. . . . The house is let again now, thank goodness! I hope we shan't hear any more of this nonsense."

But we did. Before the case came on the new tenants of Oak-Dene sacrificed their year's rent and fled. They

would give no explanation, except that the house didn't suit them. They had been in it just a fortnight.

I really thought my stepfather would have had apoplexy when he heard the news. He instantly summoned a fresh assortment of surveyors, and we descended together upon Oak-Dene. We went through it from cellar to roof-tree, without result. No one could pretend it was stoutly built: the roof leaked here and there into the attics, and some of the windows were warped already; but such imperfections were common to every house on the estate, and there had been no time for any serious faults to develop. The surveyors were puzzled but unanimous. They would swear before any Court of Law that the house was habitable in all respects. What its state might be ten years later was none of their business.

But for my part I paid small attention to the drains and the leaks. I had a conviction that the mystery would not be solved by plumbers. These successive stampedes of tenants, which (naturally enough) only enraged my stepfather, stirred my imagination. I knew what sort of people these tenants were. A year's rent and a second removal within a few weeks meant for them serious sacrifices. They were well used to leaks and draughts: such discomforts are part of the recognized price one has to pay for living in villas with grandiloquent names, such as Oak-Dene, or Audley End, or Mon Repos. It must have been no small thing that had driven them forth, panic-stricken, one after the other. Gloomy, they had called the house, and creepy. To my astonishment, it had that effect upon me also, although the impression was palpably illogical. For we were now in high summer, and the afternoon was brilliantly fine, so that the front rooms, facing south and lacking blind and cur-

tain, were as hot as ovens, and as dazzling as flames. Yet when I had left them, I found I retained a distinct sensation of darkness and menace. Nor was this all. Standing in the dining-room itself, I had more than once the strange fancy that the house lay among thick timber. This dining-room was papered red, for they adore red paper in the suburbs, and it had a frieze of purple barges trailing over a sapphire sea; but not even this discord of color, nor yet the human noises all about me, nor again the dust of my own passage still sparkling in the intolerable sunlight, availed against the recurrent conviction that all about me hung a phantom penumbra, cold, and gray, and still, like the twilight beneath great trees. I seemed to hear (without hearing) stealthy falling noises and the sibilant talk of leaves. And again I was alone amid a vast silence that yet was no true silence at all, like the silence of the forests, where, though there may be no breath of wind, no song of birds, no soft footfall in the undergrowth, one's ear is always lulled by the infinite crepititation of small sounds. . . .

It was as we left the house that one of the party called attention to the garden.

"Rum soil, this," he said. "Look at those ferns. You wouldn't think to see ferns grow like that, with no shade. There don't seem to be anything else, hardly."

I had given little thought to the garden of Oak-Dene, beyond remarking that it was very dishevelled. But now I realized that there were no flowers in it at all—no wild flowers, even. Ferns, on the other hand, grew everywhere. They were coming up in the thin, untidy grass: tightly curled shoots were forcing their way through the gravel of the paths; and as for the beds, they were hidden in a mass of bracken and weeds and saplings, tangled together, for all the world like

the undergrowth of a wood. There were no walls or trees to provide shade; and in the gardens on either hand roses and carnations and hollyhocks were blooming.

"It's gravel, you see," my stepfather said: "And the fools have gone so fast that the place has run to seed." With which he dismissed the subject. But that incongruous growth of bracken puzzled me all the way home.

Within a week after this, the case of the defaulting tenant came before the local bench. The defendant had no logical or legal defence at all. He said he had never felt well in the house: therefore it must be unhealthy. Asked to specify any particular instance, he was understood to mumble something about "gave me the shivers." Were any members of his family ill? No, except for having the shivers also. Was the house damp? No, he could not say it was: on second thoughts, however, supposed it must have been. Had he any trouble with the drains? No. And so on. . . . On the other hand, a phalanx of self-possessed and reliable authorities pronounced Oak-Dene to be in perfect repair, as indeed (according to modern lights) it certainly was. The defendant was ordered to pay the three quarters' rent still owing, and costs, by monthly instalments. But, in spite of all, I sympathized with the man. He was a very ordinary creature, obstinate and litigious, muddle-headed and inarticulate, who firmly believed himself to be the victim of some nebulous sort of fraud. His grievance, whatever it was, was plainly too vague for his limited powers of expression; but I was left with the conviction that he was a badly frightened man.

Toward the end of the case the fact came out that no fewer than three other families had abandoned the house since its completion.

"This is surely a little odd, Mr.

Grainger," the magistrate observed. "There really would seem to be something—er—distasteful about this house. I should look into it, you know. I should look into it."

"I intend to do so, sir," said my stepfather grimly. "I'm going to live in it myself for a few months."

In fact, our holiday plan was now completely abandoned, for my stepfather acted promptly, as was his custom. We lived at that time in one of those big houses in Forest Hill; and from here two servants and a sufficiency of furniture were to be transferred as soon as possible to Wylie Park. I accepted thankfully an invitation to spend the rest of the holidays with my school friend. I was never thoroughly at ease with my stepfather; and in his present mood, six weeks of his company, added to the banality of being interned in London during the summer, was an unattractive prospect. It was true that the mystery of Oak-Dene appealed to my imagination, but this would wait, for he assured me he intended to stay there into the new year.

I went away at once, and did not see him again until the end of the next term, my last but one. We never corresponded freely, and to my questions concerning Oak-Dene he only replied that there was nothing wrong with the house. His letters were shorter than usual, but in the last he gave me to understand (vaguely and reluctantly, for he hated acknowledging difficulties) that he was having trouble with the servants. They did not like the house.

I came home, with thousands of other schoolboys, a few days before Christmas. I did not consider myself a schoolboy for I was in my eighteenth year, and old for my age. I can remember now every incident of that long drive through the winter afternoon, from St. Pancras across the

northern suburbs to Wlye Park. It was a beautiful, crisp day, with ice in the gutters; and a chill sun was sinking into the smoke banks in the west. I felt some little exhilaration, I remember, as we drew near the house, for in the winter time, with fires and the long nights, one is prepared to meet all sorts of mysteries.

But nothing had prepared me for the change in my stepfather.

He opened the door to me himself, and I must have shown my dismay very plainly, for he frowned as he shook my hand. I have said he was ordinarily an upright, fresh-colored man over-careful of his dress. In fact, he was still some years short of fifty; and his thick hair, when last I saw him, had been iron gray. And now it was white—pure white all over! The color was gone from his face, his cheeks were sunken, and deep shadows lay beneath his eyes; his clothes were slovenly, and hung loosely upon him; and the hand he gave me was cold and shaking. He might have been a man of sixty-five. I was indescribably shocked, and, I will admit, a little frightened.

"Are you ill, sir?" I asked (he always liked me to address him as "sir").

"Ill?" he snapped. "Nonsense, boy! Of course not. I am worried, that's all. What with this damned house, and the servants. . . . Have you paid the cab?"

I said I had not, and fumbling in his pocket, he went down the path to where the man was handling my box. As I stood looking after him with consternation and pity, I noted how he stooped and shuffled his feet—he who had always prided himself upon his upright carriage. And at the same time my eye took in the front garden, and I observed how it was choked, obliterated, by dead bracken and leaves. Some of the latter had blown

into a corner of the porch, and I saw they were oak and ivy. I wondered where they came from; for there was no oak tree now within a quarter of a mile; and ivy, in that wilderness of new houses, was a thing unknown.

As soon as my box was set down in the hall and the man gone, my stepfather slammed the door and led the way into the dining-room. Here, as in the hall, the electric light was full on: indeed, I found this was the case all over the house, although the sun was only just setting. It struck me that the place was untidy, and in great need of a duster and broom.

"You will want some tea," said my stepfather; "I have ordered it, but God knows if the old crone has remembered. I am only just back from the office myself. You'll have to rough it a bit here, my boy: I can't get a decent servant for love or money. At least, I could, of course, if I chose to spend my time in the registry office; but I have other things to think of. The ones they send up here are impossible—quite impossible!"

I asked why the original pair he had imported from Forest Hill had left him, for they had been with us a long time.

"Oh, some silly nonsense about the house!" he cried savagely. "It's always the house, the house. . . . Damn the house! But I'll win yet! I'll beat it!"

He glared at me, waved his hands wildly, and ran from the room, calling for "Mrs. Simmonds," whom I took to be the servant. I think he had let out more than he intended, and was furious with himself and me for his loss of control. But this exhibition, coupled with the truly appalling change in his appearance, put me in a great fear. Here was a home-coming indeed!

He returned in a moment, calm again and smiling.

"I'm glad to have you back, my

boy," said he, clapping me on the shoulder and speaking with unusual kindness. "It is a long time since we saw each other, and I find it lonely here. I'm afraid this is rather a dull place—not many visitors, and all that sort of thing—but we'll go out and see some theatres."

There was something in this geniality—a sort of nervous, ingratiating tone, like that of a man who rather fears a rebuff—that (in one usually so self-reliant and brusque) was disconcerting and even painful; and I hardly knew how to take it. At this moment Mrs. Simmonds appeared with the tea tray. She proved to be a repulsive old lady with a squint and one prominent front tooth. Truly, I thought, if there be some malign influence in this house, you should be able to make head against it, on the principle of the counter-irritant; for anybody more like a witch I never saw. My stepfather shrugged his shoulders wearily as she departed.

"You see how we are placed," said he. "It is a poor home-coming for you, I'm afraid."

"Couldn't we go back to Forest Hill?" I suggested, encouraged by his unwonted graciousness.

"No!" he cried, banging his fist upon the table so that the tea-cups jumped in their saucers: "No! Nothing will make me leave this house until I've conquered its damned tricks. . . . Nothing! Nothing!"

His voice trailed away on the last word. He looked nervously over his shoulder and seemed to listen. And in this pause, as instinctively I listened also, I thought I could hear a soft, rustling sound, that rose and died away, like the long sigh of wind among trees. But whence it came, or what caused it, or whether it was a delusion, I could not say.

Thenceforward through the unappreciating meal my stepfather talked quite

rationally about indifferent matters. I was eager to question him about the house, but held my tongue, for I wanted him to forget it for a while. In the pauses of talk I listened for that rustling sound, but did not hear it again then. And after tea he began to write letters, while I discovered my room and unpacked my box.

The situation was beyond me. I was puzzled, distressed, and frightened. Unless I was greatly mistaken my stepfather was on the verge of a mental breakdown as complete as that which, within four months, had put twenty years on to his age. This prospect was sufficiently alarming; but there lay more behind. Those senses which are not of the canonical five were already exploring behind the scenes, warning me that what the eye could see was but a small part of the truth. I had wondered how I could best combat my stepfather's delusions: I soon began to ask myself if they were delusions at all. The influence of the house was upon me also. I found myself peering about my room, listening, and walking on tip-toe. I was prodigiously thankful for the universal glare of the electric globes. Upstairs, of course, several rooms were empty of furniture, but all their doors were open and all their lights switched on. Outside, where the sunset glow was waning, other lights shone in a friendly way across the road. Near at hand I could hear the laughter and music of a children's party. I remember that I was shaken by a sudden spasm of anger against myself. It was the common-sense outlook, born of a public-school life, protesting against my natural inclination toward the imaginative and mystical. I asked myself indignantly what I was afraid of, and I could not answer; but I was afraid. After all, I was only a boy in years; and this house was not as other houses. I had felt it once be-

fore: I felt it more strongly now. More strongly every minute, as I stood in my bedroom and looked down upon the crisp, white road and the opposite lights, I was oppressed by the feeling that these things were not really there at all—a feeling so definite that I rubbed my eyes, expecting, when I opened them again, to see nothing but the gloom of that great shadow which, I felt sure, lay all about the house. I remember also how I looked upward and was genuinely surprised to see, instead of the dark, sinister canopy, the myriad winter stars shining blue and cold. And not once, but several times, I could have sworn I heard, close at hand, sounds like the creaking of branches and the passage of wind among leaves.

I think I succeeded in putting a tolerable face upon my fears. I whistled, and sang, and was very noisy over my unpacking; and then I walked through all the empty rooms, treading aggressively on their bare planking. I confess I shirked the attics, which were not lighted by electricity. Coming downstairs again, I sallied out into the front garden, where the tangled bracken shone silver under the stars, to see what I could make of the houses on either side. I hoped I might gather some idea of their inmates—might perhaps catch a glimpse, through a window, of some male figure of a large and reassuring kind. It would hearten me to know that a capable person was at hand in case of need. But here my little breath of hope was instantly stifled; for both houses were to let, and patently empty.

I was greatly dashed by this discovery. It was to no purpose that I saw across the road cheerful lights, and even heard the voices of people. There was something peculiarly sinister and suggestive about those blank, staring, next-door windows—something that made me feel very lonely and young

and helpless. Before a sudden impulse, however, I nerved myself to step across the fern-choked grass plot and peer over the nearest dividing fence into the deserted garden on the other side. It was well illuminated by a handy street lamp and the blaze of light from our own front windows; and it was plain, by the way the weeds had overrun it, that the house had been empty for some time. But I saw more than this: these weeds were the ordinary garden stuff: of bracken there was not a trace, and there were hardly any dead leaves. Yet, on the other side of a trumpery fence, I was standing knee-deep in withered bracken, on a perfect carpet of oak-leaves that crackled as I moved. . . .

I returned hastily to the path. I did not brave the greater expanse of frosted undergrowth that lay between me and the second deserted garden. I knew what I should find there; or, rather, what I should not find.

I went back into the house and rejoined my stepfather in the dining-room. He was still writing. During the last few days, as he presently explained apologetically, he had been feeling so unwell that his correspondence had fallen into serious arrears. Fortified by my company (as he put it) he now felt equal to attacking the great pile of letters he had brought back that day from the office.

"It's a compliment to you," said he; "though rather a left-handed one, I'm afraid."

He so plainly brightened during the evening that I tried to persuade myself that his breakdown was largely a matter of nerves and solitude, and would be permanently mended now that he had company. During dinner (which was execrably served and cooked) he was in almost jovial spirits. At times I forgot the terrible manner in which he had aged; and I

was never so near liking him. I was within an ace of confiding to him my private desires for the future, but shrank from disturbing his new-found peace of mind. I am glad now that I did so. He even spoke jestingly of the house, and was extremely amusing in his account of old Mrs. Simmonds, who kept popping in and out of the room like a witch in a pantomime. Serious matters, however, were still tacitly shelved. And as soon as the meal was finished, and we had smoked a cigarette together (a great concession, so far as I was concerned), he turned to his letters again and wrote for the rest of the evening.

I occupied myself (or pretended to do so) with such books as I could find; but in fact, with the cessation of our talk and laughter, the old sense of oppression returned. I caught myself looking again for the shadow that was not there. The mutter of the fire and the scratch of my stepfather's pen seemed to merge into the soft rustle that I now knew so well. But I was tired, and for a good part of the while I must have dozed, oscillating upon those marches of sleep where one's dreams are half coherent thoughts, and one's thoughts half incoherent dreams. And once I fell sheer asleep, as I suppose, and dreamed very clearly of a man, dressed in black and silver, with knee-breeches and ruffles, who paced slowly down a long avenue of trees, carrying in his hand a coil of rope. I recognized him as my stepfather, and then I woke up profoundly terrified, though of what I could not say. The noise of the wind among the trees, which I heard in my dream, hummed all around me. But it was only my stepfather rattling his papers. He was yawning and stretching, and the fire was falling low.

"Enough done!" said he briskly. "We will step out and post these, and then to bed. I feel I shall

sleep sound to-night, thank God!"

The pillar-box stood no more than a hundred yards down the road, and we left the hall-door open. Mrs. Simmonds had long since retired to her room. The night was very cold and still, the sky black as sable velvet, the stars extraordinarily brilliant. Here and there a few lighted windows still shone in a companionable way; but for the most part people were abed, and their houses cold and dark; and Oak-Dene, blazing from every pane like a chandelier, was an incongruous and rather startling feature in the scene.

We were walking back up the garden path when my stepfather clutched me by the arm.

"What's that?" he whispered fiercely: "What's that?"

"What? Where? . . ." I stammered, seeing nothing alarming.

He pointed at the open door, and I saw his finger jump as if it were palsied.

"Hanging there!" he said, still with the same whispered rapidity of utterance: "Hanging there, in the hall. . . ."

"There is nothing there," I said, after peering a moment. The hall, brightly lighted, was empty so far as I could see. But my stepfather's terror was infectious, and we stood together trembling, his hand still on my arm.

"There is nothing there," I repeated more confidently.

He passed his hand across his eyes and drew a long breath. Then, after a pause, during which he stared into the hall:—

"Nothing there . . .?" he echoed, speaking more to himself than to me: "But I saw him! I saw him! . . . Hanging from the stairs there, in black and silver, with dead leaves in his hair. . . ."

I could feel my own hair moving on my head, I shook with cold and fright,

and the gravelled path held me like a magnet. But now my stepfather dropped his hold and made a run into the hall, where he stood looking about him, his hands clenched by his sides. I plucked myself forward after him.

"Oh, this is maddening!" he said: "Am I mad, or . . .?"

He turned on me with a lamentable, stricken face, seemed about to speak, shrugged his shoulders and passed into the dining-room. Unlocking the tantalus on the sideboard, he poured a little neat brandy into a couple of glasses and brought them out to where I still stood, scared and bewildered, glancing about.

"Here, take this," he said: "I'm afraid I startled you. It's my nerves; they play the devil with me here. There's nothing to be seen after all."

The spirit, while it made me gasp, lighted at once a little flame of valor within me. I looked with more confidence and a certain new and fearful interest at the hall in which we stood. I remember thinking, prosaically enough, how characteristic it was of this type of house, where comfort and common-sense are sacrificed to display. Disproportionately large, it was square in shape, and the staircase ran up two sides to become a balustraded landing or balcony on the third. It was this last junction that was visible, if the hall door was open, as one came up the garden path. I had wondered if some trick of shadow could have deceived my stepfather. Little was needed with his nerves so unstrung; but although there were shadows beneath the balcony, there was nothing that could suggest, even from a distance, a human figure.

I think it was only now, when I was examining this hall carefully for the first time, that I recognized another peculiar feature: namely, that all the permanent woodwork—moulding and casement and stair-rail—was of var-

nished oak. I call this peculiar because in every other room the defects of cheap Norwegian timber were only too conspicuous. Then, however, I remembered the great tree, whose limbs had once stretched far beyond the limits of the house. No doubt, finding the trunk too rotten to pay for removal, they had cut it up on the spot and used the sounder branches to give a meretricious air to that part of the building which would first meet the visitor's eye. I found afterwards that this was the correct explanation: it was also very characteristic. And from picturing that splendid spread of branch and leaf my thoughts were carried forward involuntarily to the trees of my dream a short while back. It had gone out of my mind; but now the whole scene of it leapt up with startling clarity, and the horror amid which I had woken went through my soul again like ice; for I saw how the figure of the dream, with its black and silver dress, and its coil of rope, fitted in with my stepfather's hallucination.

My head went round with all these mysteries. I turned half-angrily, half-despairingly to my stepfather, who was staring vacantly into the dark corner under the gallery. But I had no heart to speak of my own troubles when I looked at the pitiful wreck that, four months before, had been an upright, ruddy, confident man. His whitened hair was the real testimony to the evil that was in this house.

"Come," he said suddenly, "we had better shut the door."

Turning to do so, he trod on something that crackled faintly.

"Faugh!" he muttered, stepping hastily aside. "More of them!"

He had stepped on two or three withered oak leaves. I could only suppose that some light draught must have blown them in through the open door, although there was no wind that could be felt outside.

I must have looked rather forlorn and bewildered, for when he had shut and bolted the door, he put his arm through mine in a sympathetic way and spoke with elaborate carelessness.

"A poor home-coming, I'm afraid," he said again; "but things will look different to-morrow morning. We must see what we can do. . . . We'll plan some little dinners in town, and theatres after. I don't like this house, and that's a fact; but bogies? Pooh! Nerves, my boy, nerves! Mine are all on edge, and you've caught the infection. And now we'll have another drink, a mild one this time, and go to bed."

I had never felt less inclined for bed, although I was very tired. But my stepfather was now making a determined effort to treat the situation as normal, and it was not for me to fail him. I talked bravely, drank a mild brandy and soda, and followed him upstairs.

"Leave your door open, if you like," he said, when we stood on the landing; "I always do: and then we can call out and reassure each other in the small hours. . . . Well, good-night, my boy. I'm glad to have you back again. Sleep well, and don't worry about me."

He spoke lightly enough, but there was weariness in his eyes. I was strongly moved, as much for his sake as for my own, to suggest that we should sleep together. I was beginning to understand what he had gone through alone in that house. But the habits of years are not to be broken in an hour. I was still diffident with him: still incredulous of the truth. I will confess without shame that I was afraid, but I did my best to act up to my code and imitate his indifferent manner. I felt proud of him that night; and now, as I picture him leaving me to face alone a persecution the more terrible in that it must have been utterly incomprehensible to him, I am

still more proud. With all his limitations my stepfather was game, every inch.

I got into bed with even more than my usual rapidity. I had provided myself with many books, so that if sleep would not come, I could spend the whole night in reading. But, in fact, I was far more tired than I thought. I heard my stepfather call out a final "good-night!" and then get into bed; and not long after this, in spite of my fears and my book, I must have fallen asleep. I wonder now how I managed to do so; but I suppose at seventeen healthy exhaustion will triumph over most obstacles.

I woke — or half-woke — once in the night-time. I have a memory of opening my eyes and finding the electric light still blazing, and of marvelling at this because I believed myself to be in my dormitory at school. The wind seemed to be blowing strongly, and I could hear the creak and rustle of the trees outside my window there. And I remember a vague feeling of trouble, a feeling that I ought to get up and go somewhere, or investigate something. . . . But in a minute these sensations were dissolved in a dreamless sleep again.

I woke a second time about seven in the morning. I found myself sitting up in bed, very wide awake indeed. The electric light shone weakly in the brightness of a glorious dawn; and birds were singing all about the house. I was aware of an extraordinary lightness of heart, as though some great trouble had just passed away. As I lay thinking and wondering, I began to remember all that had happened the night before. It did not frighten me now; but it did not seem unreal, as strange overnight experiences often do. It interested me greatly. I determined to talk the whole thing over with my stepfather in the calm, rational light of morning.

We have no nerves—or ought to be unconscious of them—at that time of day. And then, thinking rather shame-facedly of my panic, I suddenly understood that my new lightness of heart was not solely due to the daylight: there was another cause: the shadow on the house was definitely gone. It was like the clearing of the atmosphere after a thunderstorm. Gloom, and phantom trees, and phantom noises, were blown away, and the house was sweet and clean, like any other house.

I was so delighted with this discovery and with the brightness of the morning and the singing birds, that I got instantly out of bed and into a

The Cornhill Magazine.

dressing-gown, and went softly across the landing to see how my stepfather was, and if he was asleep. On my way my foot struck against something that lay on the floor of the gallery. It was the bight of a stout rope, that was made fast to the newel-post at the junction of the stairs with the landing. I looked over the balustrade, without premonition, without fear. I was only curious. But when I saw what was below me, I screamed like a woman. For now in truth a body was hanging in the corner of the hall; and in the silver hair, just beneath my feet, were withered oak leaves. . . .

Douglas G. Browne.

COWLEY: THE LITTLE TALKER. *

What a diversity of riches has been packed into the English essay! The essay has served the turn of every sort of English writer. Francis Bacon spilled into it the superflux of his deep wisdom. Milton and Sir Thomas Browne have played upon it as though it were the noblest, and not the least, of instruments. Addison has sunned himself thereby in the rays of his flawless self-content; Macaulay and Burke have used it as King's Counsel; Johnson as a just and impeccable judge. All good critics, from the father of the sons of Ben, with whom English criticism begins, to Hazlitt and Pater, have established their right to the essay; and three centuries are filled with the amiable pipings of the personal essayists—Fuller, Cowley, Steele, and Lamb the greatest of all.

It is as impossible to define the essay as to define the novel; but we may at any rate distinguish between essayists who were born and essayists

who have simply used the essay as an instrument of criticism, or of history or of philosophy. Milton was not an essayist. He was a poet and a thinker who wrote essays. Macaulay was not an essayist. He was an historian with prejudices and opinions who in essays occasionally declared them. Cowley, on the other hand, was an essayist. He wrote essays, not because he had something of importance to tell the world, but because the essay expressed him. It was the little form that enabled him to disburthen himself of the little talk that lay under his tongue. Cowley has himself described the temperament of the born essayist. "I confess," he tells us, "I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestic beauty. I would wish that neither my mistress nor my for-

* Cowley Essays. Edited by A. B. Gough. Clarendon Press. 4s. net.

tune should be *bona roba*, nor, as Homer used to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but, as Lucretius says, '*parvula, pumilio, χαρίτων μία μερομεντοντα*.'

Inevitably this reminds us of Lamb, and of the "middle interests" whereby he loved to escape the pressure of big events and great emotions. It reminds us indeed of the whole succession of the personal essayists—men whom the essay borrowed and used, as distinguished from men who merely borrowed and used the essay. Cowley is the ancestor of these table-talkers, the dear, familiar people who take us by the coat and chat with us in so vivid and personal a way that we can almost see the play of their faces.

The great period of the essay is undoubtedly the seventeenth century; and the last historian of the essay, Professor Hugh Walker, in an admirable study just published by Messrs. Dent, is to be congratulated that he so clearly recognizes that this is so. Lamb, who was claimed by the essay as its most perfect practitioner, harks back in style and temper not to the calm and perfect Augustans of the eighteenth, but to gossips like Cowley and Fuller, of the seventeenth century. The Augustans talk of little things, but they talk as well-bred authors, accurate and concise, suiting plain words to simple ideas, holding fast to their style and temper by virtue of holding very much aloof from the reader. These Augustans dispense small wisdom like little gods. The seventeenth-century essayists are not at all like that. They are intimate and friendly, tip-toe with enthusiasm and fun. The essay is so natural a thing with them that it has no need to be formal or precise. It is a playfellow, allowed to run at ease. If we read a page of Cowley

or a page of Lamb, who is pure seventeenth century, we find the author's fancy let loose for a scamper. It will check at a word or run off with a simile. All this is far removed from the Augustan essay. Lamb's page is the very echo of Cowley's—the love of littleness, the friendliness, the candor, the beautiful liberty of language, language so felicitous that it can spare energy for play after its work is done—these belong to the century to which Cowley belonged and to which Lamb returned. Here, almost at random, is a page of Cowley on the boredom of being great. The Great Man is described as "guarded with crowds and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the Positive parting with a little bow, the Comparative at the middle of the room, the Superlative at the door. . . . *Perditur hac inter misero lux*, thus wretchedly the precious day is lost." This might easily be taken for a page out of the essays of Elia. Conversely, if we recall a paragraph from the essays of Elia—say Elia's paragraph on "A Quakers' Meeting"—we are at once in touch with the age of Cowley:—"Wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quakers' meeting."

This is pure seventeenth century. Here, as in Cowley, comfort of mind and ease of expression, a fancy

readily kindled, tempts the writer to a gleeful virtuosity, a very frolic of the pen. It is pure revelry of the tongue that recalls Lyly and Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne rather than Addison of the eighteenth or Hazlitt of the nineteenth centuries. Lamb loved and understood the seventeenth century better than any Englishman of letters. That is why he wrote the perfect essay and was the only English critic who understood the comedies of Etherege and Congreve.

Cowley is well worth our study and affection if only as a preliminary stutter of the English essay, before the English essay delivered Elia to the world. But Cowley is more than that. It is well to know almost by

The Saturday Review.

heart the half-dozen papers he has left us. They are a better model of a "familiar" style than Addison—the model recommended by Dr. Johnson. Cowley is the comfortable friend who has renounced ambition and invites us to share with him his pleasure in the little things of every day. We do not go to him for words that are deeply wise, or highly passionate, or urgently musical; but he teaches us how the printed page can be made to chatter. He is one of the small company of English essayists who still talk to their countrymen though their lips have long been cold, and will talk on after the ears are cold which to-day are pricked to listen.

John Palmer.

THE NORTH SEA GROUND.

Oh, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may find,
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby girls are
kind,
An' Grimsby lads were never yet the lads to lag behind
When there's men's work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the high tide's flowin',
An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin';
Skipper's come aboard, an' it's time that we were goin',
An' there's fine fish waitin' on the North Sea ground.

Soles in the Silver Pit—an' there we'll let 'em lie;
Cod on the Dogger—oh, we'll fetch 'em by-an'-by;
War on the water—an' it's time to serve an' die,
For there's wild work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" they want you at the trawlin'
(With your long sea-boots and your tarry old tarpaulin');
All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin'
In the Winter's weather off the North Sea ground.

It's well we've learned to laugh at fear—the sea has taught
us how;
It's well we've shaken hands with death—we'll not be
strangers now,
With death in every climbin' wave before the trawler's bow,
An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North Sea ground.

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the English sea;
Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they may be;
The sea it is their highway, an' we've got to sweep it free
For the ships passin' over on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the sea wind's crying;
"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are flyin';"
An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',
Oh, the dead lying quiet on the North Sea ground!

Punch.

FREEDOM: PRETENCE AND REALITY.

A stronger sense of humor might have saved the modern German from the gravest blunder and the most appalling crime in history. The German spirit suffers from a lop-sided logic, which prevents it from seeing anything it does not want to see. Treitschke and Bernhardi are obsessed with an idea, and to promote that idea they have to brush aside facts which, if looked at for a moment, simply show their arguments to be ridiculous. General von Bernhardi has taken up the pen again to prove to the world what a wicked designing creature Britannia is and what an angel of light and righteousness is embodied in modern Germany. His articles in the *New York Sun* are amusing even though they be concerned to explain away Germany's responsibility for a world tragedy. Perhaps Bernhardi hopes that Mr. Ellis Barker's translation of "Our Future" under the title "Britain as Germany's Vassal" has not found its way to America; no one who reads that book in company with the *Sun* articles will fail to understand that Bernhardi has got himself into as hopeless a plight logically as his countrymen have got themselves into in a military sense. What is the sole moral to be derived from "Britain as Germany's Vassal"?—or "Our Future"? If the less sensational title be preferred. Here was a book written for the Ger-

man people, and popularizing the insane militaristic ideas of Treitschke, which tells us that war is a biological necessity, that Germany is getting into the condition of "an over-heated boiler," that it is immoral not to extend power, that France and England cannot be allowed with their smaller populations to regard themselves as Germany's equal, that an understanding with England would be harmful to Germany, that England must agree to a modification of her world-position in partnership with Germany or take the consequences, and that the alternative before Germany is world power or decline! Bernhardi now discovers that there is a tremendous difference between world dominion and world power. Menaced States may not be so meticulous. For them power as conceived in the writings of Treitschke, Bernhardi and the rest of the militarist school, can only be synonymous with dominion.

Bernhardi's latest view point is delightfully illustrated by his reference to Great Britain's treatment of the Transvaal and Orange Free State: "We all very well remember the heroic struggle of the weak Boer States and their subjugation by the English world empire which led to the fray hordes of oppressors from all parts of the world, in order to force the free farmers of the Transvaal and the

Orange Free State beneath her might, and to utilize for her own benefit the treasures of their soil. It does not change the facts in the least that the English in their procedure against the South African Republics brought forth an apparently legal justification, for no human being of judgment will permit himself to be misled by such justification as to the true conditions of things. Now if this State, which everywhere suppresses the liberty of the weak herself, this State which for centuries has kept Ireland in bondage, which supported France in the punifying of free Morocco, which enslaved India and Egypt, and which, in conjunction with Russia, seeks to subjugate weak Persia, which for reasons of her own has driven neutral Belgium into the war; which throughout the world calls the nation to arms to throw down Germany because she believes herself to be the stronger; if this State claims that a victory of Germany would mean the subjugation of the world, then every discerning person and every unprejudiced being must recognize the hypocritical mask behind which hides the regardless policy of power and interest." The passage is an excellent sample of blind logic. Great Britain as the oppressor of the very people who are voluntarily laying down their lives for the sake of her flag can only be matched by a conception of Belgium overflowing with gratitude to Berlin for all the blessings of the past six months. Germany will be recognized as Liberator when the tiger becomes a lap-dog.

The rhodomontade of the Bernhardis, the Bernstorffs, and Dernsburgs, is thrown into sharp relief by the simple unrhetorical statement made by Sir Edward Grey—curiously enough at Bechstein Hall. He showed how everyone except Germany was ready to refer Austro-Serbian differences to a Conference. For the fourth time

within living memory Prussia has made war; she was determined to give effect to the teachings of her junkers and her professors, and a thousand disclaimers will not shift responsibility from her shoulders. For what are we fighting? asked Sir Edward Grey. His answer rings true as Bernhardi's rings false:—"We wish the nations of Europe to be free to live their independent lives, working out their own forms of government for themselves and their own national developments, whether they be great States or small States, in full liberty. That is our ideal. The German ideal is that of the German as a superior people to whom all things are lawful in the securing of their own power and against whom resistance of every kind is unlawful and to be savagely put down; a people establishing a domination over the nations of the Continent, imposing a peace that is not to be liberty for other nations, but subservience to Germany. Well, I would rather perish or leave this Continent altogether than live in it under such conditions. After this war we and the other nations of Europe must be free to live, not menaced continually by talk of supreme War Lords and shining armor, and the sword continually rattling in the scabbard, and Heaven continually invoked as an accomplice in German aims, and not having our policy dictated and our national destinies and activities controlled by the military caste of Prussia. We claim for ourselves, and our Allies claim for themselves, and together we will secure for Europe, the right of independent Sovereignty for the different nations, the right to pursue national existence, not in the shadow of Prussian hegemony or supremacy, but in the light of equal liberty." Bernhardi is right on one point and one only: Germany is fighting for her existence; the fight was of her own making. What Peace may bring

no man can say, but an essential condition, Sir Edward Grey promises, must be the restoration of Belgium

The Academy.

to her independent national life, and reparation so far as reparation is possible.

BIRDS AND AIR-WAVES.

On the night of January 19, 1915, it happened that some friends of mine in Norfolk, having a guest to dinner, let him out of the house after the servants had gone to bed, and stood at the front door speeding his departure—which he took in pedestrian-wise, his own house being but a short distance away, and the night still and fine. They remarked on the fineness, the clearness, and the peace of the atmosphere, and while they stood there enjoying it, as the guest's steps died away down the gravelled drive, the peace was singularly broken by a sudden, a rising, and an insistent cry of birds. All kinds seemed joining in the chorus; there were the voices of pheasants, of blackbirds, sparrows, tits—all the inhabitants of all the shrubberies and coverts about the house. It appeared that some sudden fear had taken possession of them all, simultaneously, for in all the variety of the voices there was one note that ran through it all like its constant motif—the note of alarm. Manifestly they had all awakened out of their multitudinous sleep in a state of deadly terror. And of what? That is the question which the human listeners asked themselves, wondering, for they could neither see nor hear occasion for this fear. Could it be a poacher, whether on the two legs of a man or in the red fur of a fox? But no; a poacher of either kind might indeed be the cause of alarm in one covert—among the pheasants, and perhaps with an occasional hysterically shrieking blackbird mingled with them—but this was a terror which seemed to have in

its grip all the company of birds all the country round at the same time, a universal terror. They failed even to suggest to themselves a reason for it, and after a while of speculation, as the clamor gradually died away, they returned into their house and to their beds, and thought of that avine chorus little more.

But in the morning it was significantly brought to their minds again. The papers gave them exciting news. Zeppelins (to the number of six, as was stated by one report—to the number of two, as later, closer-sifted, accounts seemed to pronounce probable) had been sailing over Norfolk, bomb-dropping in King's Lynn and other places guiltless of any such crime as fortification, which might merit punishment by bomb; and by calculation it was reckoned that these airships, or at least one of them, must have been passing at a distance of something between four and five miles from the house just at the moment when my friends had been speeding their parting guest and when the birds had set up their terrified protestations. The human ears had heard nothing of the passage of the ships, but it appeared that the more acute avine ears must have been aware of it and that it had suggested, to the owners of these very sensitive vibration-receivers, some dreadful happenings or menace. Doubtless that was the meaning of their outcry. Be it noted that this was something quite different from that perturbation in the neighborhood of Saxby, in Lincolnshire, which was reported at the time of the bombardment out to

sea. It had this point in common with the Saxby incident, that neither the firing there nor the engine throb here was audible to the ears of human listeners. A point in which they differed strikingly is that the one was a daytime happening, the other at the dead of night. It may be deemed the more curious that the birds should start out of sleep and commence protestation against the disturbance of the engines; but as a matter of fact, birds are extremely sensitive to alarm in the dark hours; and so, too, are other animals, possibly because most of the cat-tribe and the like carnivorous people that dine off them are nocturnal in their movements. It is almost more wonderful that the birds should have been so perturbed by the distant gun-fire in the daytime than that they should be thus flustered by the great vibration waves at night. It is most likely in the greatness of the vibration that we must seek the explanation both of the one and the other alarm. Ordinary gun-fire, as is well known, causes birds very little fear. Most of us who have been much in Scotland have indulged in the rather poaching but rather pleasant amusement of shooting grouse on the stooks of corn. You lie in wait behind the moor dyke that fences a field where the grouse are prone to come in off the moor to feed. They mount on the stooks till each has its dark figures clinging to its side, with one bird, like the king of the castle, perched on top. And all are busy pecking out the corn. The rule is, when you shoot at any that are thus feeding within range, that you should take the lowest bird in a stook first. He falls dead, or kicking; the others stare around a moment, startled by the detonation and the strange antics of their friend, but it is for a moment only. They do not think of taking flight. The next moment they are pecking away as hard as ever, and you may

go on shooting, sometimes till you have killed all the birds on the stook, including that castle-king on the top. If you had shot him first, as he rather tempts you to do, and had sent him tumbling down through all the rest, then indeed they would have been scared. It is to avoid this that the cunning shooter takes the lowest first, and gradually works his way up. I have only cited this pleasant and iniquitous sport at the sitting grouse to point the fact that birds are not very sensitive to gun-fire, and therefore that this tremendous cannonading out at sea must have affected them in rather a different way—though it would not have sounded actually louder than from a twelve-bore shot-gun close at hand.

There is one very remarkable fact about big gun firing far away as heard by the human ear from a house—often I have lain awake at night listening to it when the ships' big guns were firing eight or nine miles off down the Moray Firth. You would hear the shot; then, quite an appreciable time, perhaps two or three seconds, later you would hear the windows of your room rattle to the same shot. It was very singular, for of course the air-wave which smote your ear and which also caused the window to rattle must have smitten the window first, since it was between you and the source of the vibration. No doubt the explanation is that a second vibration had to be set up before the sound of the window-rattling reached your ear. The vibration which you heard, as the gun-firing, had to get hold of the window and shake it and so set up quite another set of waves before they could smite on your ear with the sensation of window-rattling. Is it just possible that something of the like kind may have occurred to cause so great an agitation among the birds of Norfolk when the big airships came by night

and among the birds of Lincolnshire at the great firing out at sea? Is it conceivable that the vast sounds may first have come to the birds' ears and have been followed by a vibration of the branches in which they were perched or even of the earth on which some of the pheasants may have been, and so have produced in them feelings that differed not in degree only but actually in kind from those occasioned by a simple gun-firing of moderate loudness close at hand? These are pure guesses; but guessing is a harmless amusement. It has been suggested that by reason of their evident susceptibility to the movements of the air which the dirigible balloon causes as the great engines drive it through the atmosphere, a cage of birds might be kept to give warning of it. We were told, again and again, of that one bright incident among many weary chapters of our Roman history at school — the geese which cackled to save the Capitol — till even of those excellent birds them-

selves we began to grow a little tired. Doubtless the ears of a bird are greatly more sensitive than those of even the most wary (to say nothing of the rather sleepy) human sentinel; but in these latter days of mechanical art it is difficult to believe that our scientific experts might not devise some vibration-recording instrument, analogous to the seismograph, the earthquake-recorder, which should give us notice, even before it came to the ear of a bird, of a Zeppelin's approach. The worst of it is that it might not sufficiently discriminate between the disturbance created by a big body ploughing the air and a big butler, with the weighty tread of his class, crossing the floor. Yet a seismograph welcomes and receives the natural earth-wave and declines to record the butler. So, too, we might hope, would our Zeppelinograph show discrimination and distinguish aerial waves from all terrestrially created.

Horace Hutchinson.

The Westminster Gazette.

WHEN PEACE RETURNS.

The Dominions are beginning to consider how they will stand at the end of the war. The Toronto correspondent of the *Times* writes to his journal this week on the prospects of Canada. He recognizes that after all this exhaustion of capital London will not be able for some time to finance public works in the Dominions as freely as in recent years. Railway development will be checked. Some great enterprises which were about to be taken in hand will have to be dropped. The Georgian Bay Canal, which was to provide an unbroken water-transit for the Canadian harvests from Fort William on Lake Superior to our own shores, is projected into a vague futurity. We understand however that the Hudson

Bay Railway, a long section of which is already completed, is to go forward. This railway is indispensable from a strategic as well as economic point of view, and we are glad it is not to suffer the fate of other important works. Happily however Canada has built her main lines well in advance of her immediate needs, and the object in future must be to develop production, in order to support the great transport system, and to enable the Dominion to meet its heavy interest charges. The grain acreage this year is to be increased from 33 to 50 per cent, but scarcity of labor is proving a serious obstacle to any agricultural development on a large scale. Population is the first and last desideratum,

and the correspondent naturally looks to our prospective disbanded armies for a big supply of the desired material. "When the time for adjustment and reconstruction arrives, we may desire to co-operate with the Imperial authorities to relieve any pressure that may develop when the armies are disbanded." He suggests Imperial Immigration Exchanges to deal with the task of distributing the available migrants, and to ensure them a chance of finding new homes in the Dominions rather than in foreign countries. It is worth recalling in this latter regard that nearly 150,000 persons still leave our shores annually for lands outside the bounds of the British Empire.

It is an interesting question what effect the war is likely to have on the general and internal economy of the British Empire. Are the members of the family to move nearer together or further apart? There can surely be only one answer to that: the war is teaching England and the Dominions and Dependencies as nothing else could have done their inter-relation of close mutual dependence. The oversea States of the Empire will realize more clearly than ever before that they owe their security and freedom and any chance of making good their most cherished ideals to the naval and, we must now add, the military might of England. England, on her side, will appreciate more fully not only the actual material help the Dominions and Dependencies can supply in time of need, but the immense reserve of wealth and strength and political prestige she holds in her close association with these young nations and with her inexhaustibly productive tropical estates. And the war, while it teaches us our material need, is also bringing out far more clearly the true meaning and value of those common ideas, moral, spiritual,

and political, which the British Empire embodies, in contrast with the corresponding ideas which a German Empire under Prussian hegemony represents. Then, again, we can scarcely overestimate the results which will spring from the re-absorption of the Empire's armies into the populations of state and province when the war is over. As Lord Meath recently pointed out, British armies in the past have been comparatively small, and their social influence on disbandment has not been great. Moreover, they were drawn largely from a single class of the community. But the Empire is putting three million men into the field to fight for all that the Empire represents. These three millions will struggle and suffer and shed their blood, and ultimately, we believe, triumph together. Having been comrades in war, they must always remain, at least in spirit, comrades in peace. Wherever they settle within the vast sweep of the Pax Britannica they will always keep green the memory of these great days, and serve as true missionaries of Empire union. That phrase, which was in danger of becoming a mere tag of peroration, now gets a fresh significance. We shall all be Imperialists at the end of the war. We shall hear no more of that weak, faithless, infatuated Little Englandism which has had its say so long in many of our great English journals. That is one of the many compensations of the great war.

Dr. G. R. Parkin recorded in a recent speech how Lord Rosebery once turned to him during a walk in the park at Dalmeny and said, "I sometimes think that nothing but a great war will ever federate the Empire." That was a profound and prophetic remark by a statesman whom the play of our English party system has deprived for years of that share in our insular and Empire politics which by

so many titles should have been his. We need not stay to define in detail the meaning of a federated Empire. It is sufficient to know for sure that the movement for closer union — political, defensive, perhaps even fiscal — must receive a powerful impetus from a war which, according to the benevolent desires of the German Emperor, was to bring about the downfall of England's imperial and maritime power. "I believe," said Dr. Parkin, in a speech full of insight and eloquence, "this war is going to unite the Empire. If it does not, then we have not bred a race of statesmen capable of dealing with supreme questions. The opportunity is here as never before." These blessings will not become ours automatically. We shall have to apply the

The Outlook.

lessons of the war, and see that the new spirit of brotherhood and co-operation does not exhale in after-dinner speeches and fruitless aspirations. If this year sees the end of the struggle, 1916 should see the calling of an Imperial Conference in which the new world-era, with its needs and prospects and opportunities, should be considered by the wisest and most representative statesmen of the Empire. With Armageddon well behind us, we ought to look forward to a long and peaceful course of progress and social betterment, which should make the Britannic Realm indeed unchallengeable not only in its material might, but in the respect and acquiescence of all the nations of the world.

THE PITY OF IT.

I walked in loamy Wessex lanes afar
From rail-track and from highway, and I heard
In field and farmstead many an ancient word
Of local lineage like "Thu bist," "Er war,"

"Ich woll," "Er sholl," and by-talk similar,
Even as they speak who in this month's moon gird
At England's very loins, thereunto spurred
By gangs whose glory threats and slaughters are.

Then seemed a Heart crying: "Whosoever they be
At root and bottom of this, who flung this flame
Between kin folk kin tongued even as are we,

Sinister, ugly, lurid, be their fame:
May their familiars grow to shun their name,
And their breed perish everlasting."

Thomas Hardy.

The Fortnightly Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., in his "How to Sell" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) furnishes a manual of the art of salesmanship which is at once clever and practical and adapted to any sort of business, from the placing of life insurance to the selling of damaged goods at a bargain. It contains no general disquisitions, but direct instructions, put in the form of conversations between salesmen and possible customers. These selling dialogues are shrewd and pungent, and disclose an unusual knowledge of human nature; but they are also perfectly straightforward, and do not encourage sharp practices. The salesman who studies and follows them will be likely to benefit his employer without alienating his customers.

To the very attractive "Spell Series" the Page Company adds "The Spell of Southern Shores" by Caroline Atwater Mason. In this volume, Mrs. Mason, author already of two of the most beguiling books in the series, the volume on France and that on Italy, provides what is practically a sequel to the latter, in a narrative of longer and later visits to Italian shores, the journey leading from the Ligurian Riviera to Ionian and Sicilian Seas and thence to the Adriatic, with various pauses by the way. As in Mrs. Mason's other books, there is a pleasant blend of personal experience with description and history, as she and her daughter make this delightful journey together. She carries her Baedeker with her, and quotes from it briefly occasionally, but she does not write at all in the Baedeker vein. Books like this will be the more alluring this year, when actual travel among the scenes described has been made diffi-

cult and dangerous. Fifty or more full page plates, four of them in color, and a map of Italy illustrate the book.

The second "Glad Book," "Pollyanna Grows Up," is even better entitled to be so styled, as all the characters are old enough for conscious enjoyment of the good fortune heaped upon them. The very freckle upon Pollyanna's nose, her chief grievance, has vanished, and everybody is provided with a fortune and a career, before one comes to the final page. Lastly, a mysterious will has been broken without the aid of the Probate Court, which has no friends except the bench and bar, indispensable although it may be. Pollyanna comes to Boston, and her undaunted performances make even the police glad, as is shown in one of the eight pictures with which H. Weston Taylor illustrates the record of her doings. The pretty story is so written that it should make all readers glad, from the great-grandfather down to his youngest scion in the primary grade. The Page Company.

The scope of Dr. George W. Jacoby's book on "Child-Training as an Exact Science" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is best indicated by a statement of the author's belief that every organ of the body may have a relation to mental functions; that physical abnormalities, as a rule, show disorder in mental development; that pedagogy and medicine may fairly share the domain of child training; that the teacher and the physician should co-operate in laboring for the child's benefit; and that child training, as an exact science, must be based upon the principles of modern psychology, medicine and hy-

giene. It will be seen that this is a treatise which goes much deeper than the usual merely pedagogic discussion of educational problems and methods. Its studies and pictures of the abnormal are painful but necessary; and, although it is necessarily somewhat technical, it may well supply both guidance and inspiration in the training of childhood.

The imprint of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. must be familiar by this time to boys and girls of all ages,—provided that boys and girls ever notice imprints,—for every spring and fall sees fresh additions to their list of books for young readers. This spring there are four: "The Red-House Children's Year," in which Amanda M. Douglas carries along the story of the eight merry and wholesome children who have figured in three earlier books, and tells what befell them in a year at school; "The Sleepy-Time Story Book," by Ruth O. Dyer, which contains twenty-five soothing and sleep-beguiling little stories, intended to smooth the way to dreamland for tired little people; "Arnold's Little Brother," by Edna A. Brown, a spirited and diverting story of boy life at school, with plenty of incident and touches of humor; and "When I Was a Boy in Belgium," by Robert Jonckheere. This last is one of the "Children of Other Lands Books." Interesting in itself, it derives an added timeliness from the place which Belgium now holds in the respect and sympathy of the world, and from the fact that the author is himself a Belgian who witnessed the beginnings of the war and came to this country last November. The later chapters describe the outbreak of the war, the flight from one village to another, and the circumstances which led the author and his family to seek refuge in this country. The story is told simply and with no straining after

effect, and it makes a pathetic conclusion to the description of Belgian boy-life. All of the books are illustrated.

The fact that Major General William Harding Carter's work on "The American Army" (The Bobbs Merrill Co.) was begun and presumably largely written before the beginning of the great war in Europe rather enhances than diminishes its value, for it is a guarantee that it is no hastily-considered product of a crisis, but the deliberate conclusion of an exceptionally well-informed and well-balanced mind. When he urges that it is an imperative duty that our military resources should be organized and nationalized and that the doctrine of peace at any price should not be permitted to confuse and retard the execution of that policy, and when he exhibits the present feebleness of our small and widely-scattered regular army, and directs attention to the fact that less than 100,000 organized militia in forty-eight states who, to be available for war, must volunteer as individuals after war is declared, are at hand to re-enforce it, he speaks with authority which should command consideration. But his book is something more than an appeal for preparedness; it is a thoughtful and searching study of all the details of army organization and administration, the fruit of a long period of military service and of special experience in military administration; and it would be well if it were to be taken as a guide for whatever legislation or executive action may be necessary to bring about better conditions.

The latest volume—the eighteenth—in the series of Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays in Economics (Houghton Mifflin Co.), deals with one of the most important subjects in the

entire group, "Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America,"—and is written by Arthur E. Suffern of Columbia University. The author has collected, sifted and arranged a large amount of material bearing upon all phases of struggle, compromise, conciliation and adjustment in this great industry. The scope of the work is, indeed, broader than the title suggests, for one of the most interesting chapters is devoted to a review of conditions in Great Britain. Separate chapters are given to descriptions of the organization and purposes of the United Mine Workers and the Operators Associations, and to the history of the causes, negotiations and results of some of the more important struggles between capital and labor in the anthracite and the bituminous coal fields,—especial attention being given to the long contest in West Virginia. Colorado, on the other hand, for some reason, is dismissed with two or three pages. The author plainly aims to be impartial, and he has drawn his material from all available sources. The book is of value not merely as history. It deals with problems which are very much alive, and which may easily pass into an acute stage next year, when existing agreements both in the anthracite and bituminous fields expire.

The six brief plays included in Mr. Percival Wilde's "Dawn" are equally well-adapted for reading or for performance and one of them ends with a suggestion provocative of serious thought not easily forgotten. A murderer flings a bottle of nitroglycerine at a Doctor who attempts to thwart him in his attempt to blow up a mine. As the smoke clears away the murderer is seen moaning in pain and the Doctor turns to a strange child who has appeared beside him, and cries "How do you come here? You—who

are dead?" "Why, I'm Maggie," she answers. "Maggie?" he questions; "but you are dead!" "So are you," she answers; and the curtain falls slowly upon the two. Death has had no terrors for the hero at the post of duty. That such an one may so swiftly enter another life as to be unconscious of the stupendous change will be a novel thought to most persons. The two pure comedies are delightfully funny and "A House of Cards" should discourage husband-hunting ladies, and delight a student audience. Henry Holt & Co.

The study which Mr. Joseph J. Reilly makes of "James Russell Lowell as a Critic" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), leads him to the conclusion that it is a mistake to regard Lowell as a critic at all. He appraises him as merely an impressionist, and he attributes the position which he has held as an essayist to his quotability rather than to more enduring qualities. There are fashions in essays as in other things, and it is no disparagement to Lowell to admit that his essays are not now read as they once were,—but that might be said of many others, whose literary position is unquestioned, Hazlitt, Lamb, Macaulay, Carlyle, to go no further. Lowell himself would not have placed his own name in that distinguished group, and he would have probably confessed, for candor was one of his virtues, that he sometimes took more pleasure in saying a bright and scintillating thing than in laborious analysis and comparison. But it is not necessary to follow Mr. Reilly to his conclusion nor to accept his judgment as final to appreciate his industry and ingenuity in dissecting Lowell's critical essays and bringing into relation with them illuminating references from his Letters and other data. The book is written in a pleasant temper and it is agreeable reading.